Week ending February 24 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

UNFAIR PLAY FOR FIGHTING MEN

by Emanuel Shinwell, M.P.

THEY CAN'T STOP PRIESTLEY

by Hannen Swaffer

For real beefy flavour

there's nothing like OXO

OXO

Prepared from
PRIME RICH BEEF

JB

"Oh Boy—can you see what I can see?"

"It's as nice as jam"

Based on Modern Scientific Research.

In two sizes:
3/- *and* ***5/6***

Children need EXTRA PROTECTION in Winter

REMEMBER that children need an adequate supply of protective nourishment to help them safely through the winter. 'Vimaltol' supplies this nourishment in an irresistibly delicious form. With its delightful sweet orange flavour, it is as nice as the nicest jam.

'Vimaltol' provides concentrated protective nourishment to reinforce and maintain the child's resistance against coughs, chills and other winter ailments. The following scientific details emphasise the importance of 'Vimaltol' in these respects:—

'Vimaltol' is standardised to contain in each ounce: 463 International units of Vitamin A and 994 of Vitamin D; also 0.09 milligrammes of Vitamin B_1, 3 of the PP Vitamin, 3.4 of Iron, 34 of Calcium and 34 of Phosphorus; all completely assimilable.

'Vimaltol' is also a valuable body-building and restorative food for increasing strength and weight and promoting sturdy growth. For these reasons see that your child has 'Vimaltol' every day.

VIMALTOL

The Delicious Body-building Restorative, Protective and Vitamin Food for Infants, Children and Adults

JB

V 148

FOOD FACTS

Five delicious dishes from *one* packet of dried eggs

2½-minute Omelette

HERE are five different egg dishes which you can make from a single packet of dried eggs!

Yorkshire Pudding

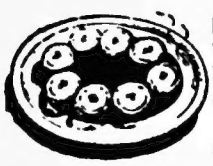
New Treacle Tart

Ingredients: 6 oz. short pastry; 3 level tablesp. dried eggs, reconstituted; 3 level tablesps. syrup; a few drops lemon substitute. *Method:* Mix together the eggs, syrup, and lemon substitute. Pour the mixture into the pastry case and bake in a moderately hot oven for 20-30 minutes. Serve hot or cold. This can also be made into small tarts. This is a recipe the whole family will love.

New Treacle Tart

Custard Sauce

Ingredients: 2 level tablesps. dried egg, DRY; 2 level tablesps. flour, 1 level tablesp. sugar, 1 pint milk or milk and water, vanilla or almond flavouring. *Method:* Mix together eggs, flour and sugar. Mix to smooth cream with a little of the milk. Boil rest of milk, pour on to mixture, return to pan and boil for 5 minutes. Add flavouring and stir well.



Scotch Eggs

RECIPES for the omelette, Yorkshire Pudding, and Scotch Eggs are in recipe leaflets which you can have free of charge.

Just write your name and address in block capitals on a postcard and send it to Leaflets Dept. W.2. Ministry of Food, London, W.1.

Custard Sauce

Always measure dried eggs carefully — one level tablespoonful to two of water.

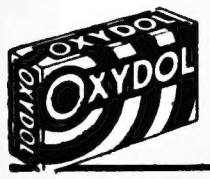
LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT ON TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY AND FRIDAY AT 8.15 a.m.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 241

BUSY BUBBLE'S HELPING HAND

MAKE DO AND MEND WASHDAY WISDOM!

Yes, by using Oxydol, the famous granulated soap, you banish washtub wear and tear for ever. Clothes certain'y last longer when Oxydol's Busy Bubble lather does the washing in its safe and gentle way. And, see how white your whites are — how much brighter your coloureds! So use Oxydol and save clothes coupons every washday.



3½d. size-1 coupon. 7d. size-2 coupons.

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A Class 1 Product. At your shop.

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

"Swish! AND THE GREASE IS GONE now I've gone modern with MIRRO!"

Mirro's special detergent cuts through grease and dissolves sticky scum in seconds. Buy a 7d. giant canister of this "screen-sifted" non-scratch cleanser today.

Go modern with

MIRRO

THE SAFE, SPEEDY CLEANSER

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

When he's an "ordinary listener" again

he'll still be a wireless expert. And his radio will have to be a real engineering job.

MARCONIPHONE

the REAL THING in Radio

After the war your local Marconi Man will once again be fully equipped to serve you — with new sets and technical advice.

WINES WITH A NAME YOU KNOW 'BEHIND' THEM

WHITEWAY'S

Whiteway's Port Style Wines and British Sherry do not just 'happen' to be better—they are MADE better. Infinite care is taken in their production from the time the grapes are gathered in the "Sunny South" until the wines have reached the final stage of maturing at our Winery in "Glorious Devon."

The 'Whiteway' Brand British Wines are sold under the Certificate of The Royal Institute of Public Health and Hygiene.

LIMITED SUPPLIES ARE AVAILABLE THROUGH YOUR USUAL WINE MERCHANT

To protect the family against infection . . .

Make Wright's the 'rule' for the Toilet and Nursery

WRIGHTS

COAL TAR SOAP

ONE TABLET ONE COUPON

A dab

plus a brush

equals lashings of lovely lather

Shavallo not only turns a penance into a pleasure, but it's so remarkably economical. Just a dab on the face (never dip the brush into the jar) whips up immediately into a full, rich, bristle-softening lather. You'll be surprised, too, how soothed and refreshed Shavallo leaves the skin afterwards.

IN POTS 1/3 AND 2/3

SV 136-621 JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

"Have you an iceberg for a husband?"

Coaxing won't charm back kisses—for the wife who's guilty of Oral Offence. Never take chances! Change now to Colgate Dental Cream—the toothpaste that keeps your mouth fragrant and your teeth sparkling.

Scientific tests prove that in 7 cases out of 10 Colgate Dental Cream ends Oral Offence—instantly!

1/1 *Including Tax.*

Play Safe! use

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Twice a day

To soothe or celebrate, to enliven the dull moment, to cheer the tedious hour; this is the job a cigarette does so well . . . and *none* so well as "Player's".

Player's Please

MEDIUM OR MILD

N.C.C.565

Without Fear or Favour

THESE ARE OUR CHILDREN

IT IS NOT ENOUGH to be sickened by the many recent cases of cruelty to children. It is not enough to be indignant at the inadequacy of penalties imposed by drowsy magistrates on the child-beaters.

Nor will the official report on London remand homes, or even an inquiry into the "boarding-out" system, assure fair treatment to young-sters who lack the care of decent parents.

But before we consider the remedy, we must realise the size of the problem.

It is immense. There are children with an unsatisfactory home or none at all. Children who are orphaned, or illegitimate and unwanted. Children found guilty of offences or on remand. Those who are destitute, and those liable to corruption because of their environment.

A large number are sent to foster-parents. We do not know how many. Not even the Home Office knows, for no general record is kept!

But it may be significant that another 100,000 foster-homes are required by the authorities.

Scores of thousands of others are in hostels and orphanages.

This grave problem is not just a matter of sentiment, deeply moved though we all must be by the sufferings of innocents. It is an urgently practical problem. It affects the whole future of Britain, for it must never be forgotten that our children are our real capital reserves. No schemes of social reform, however wise and desirable, can possibly be successful unless we safeguard to-day the rising generation whose job it will be to execute these plans to-morrow.

WHAT CAN WE do about it?

For some time JOHN BULL has been conducting an exhaustive inquiry into the facts which are even more horrifying than the public realises. Next week, we shall begin publication of the results of our inquiry. We shall also show what must and can be done to effect a remedy.

The Editor

BIG THREE PLAN GETS GOING

Unrra's Failure. Franco Rebuked. V2—How Much Longer? House-for-Sale Racket. B.B.C.'s New Idea. Sir William's Good Books. Starred Hats for Women. Racing Prospects

THE CRIMEA CONFERENCE is now history. It represents the greatest forward step the Allies have taken in their concerted effort to finish the war and win the peace.

Teheran was followed by power politics, by cleavages at a high level.

Yalta was made of different stuff. It promises well for the future of the peace.

End of the Nazis

This, in essence, is the importance of the joint declaration it produced:

It forecast and promised the imminent and utter defeat of Nazi Germany.

It promises a control whereby Germany will make good the vast damage it has caused the Allies.

Importantly, it proclaimed that its aim was not to destroy the German people, but to make it impossible for them to make war again. This it will ensure by punishing war criminals, disbanding the Armed Forces and wiping out the Nazi Party.

Allied H.Q., Berlin

Germany is to be occupied by the major Allies, with headquarters in what remains of Berlin.

Other points in the Declaration include the establishment of an international organisation to maintain peace.

In future the Foreign Ministers of the three Great Powers will meet periodically and discuss the problems at the highest level.

Eden, Molotov and Stettinius will meet at San Francisco on April 25.

Unions in Conference

WHILE THESE MOMENTOUS talks were going on a conference of the utmost importance was being held in London—where trade unions from all over the world were in congress.

They discussed the part the great unions will play in the rehabilitation of the world.

The final declaration at the London conference stressed that the trade union movement must be associated with the peace settlement in all its phases.

The unions, in short, will play the part in the peace that they have played in the war.

Unrra Under Fire

ON THE OTHER SIDE of the world a meeting of a very different sort revealed some highly disturbing details about that much criticised concern, Unrra—United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration.

Unrra has failed hopelessly in Europe. It cannot function in a liberated country except by courtesy of the Allied commanders or the local Government.

And that permission has so far been noticeably lacking.

Dr. Evatt's Broadside

Dr. Evatt, Australian Minister for Exterior Affairs, was bluntly right when he said that the Unrra's whole history was one of frustration and disillusionment.

That is what has happened in Europe. Evatt must see that it does not happen in the Pacific.

There the core of the grievous relief problem can be summed up in one word—rice.

Koniev Drives On

THE WAR ITSELF goes from good to better. The cordial relations at Yalta had immediate repercussions on the battlefield, where it was plain that collaboration between East and West was never more enthusiastic.

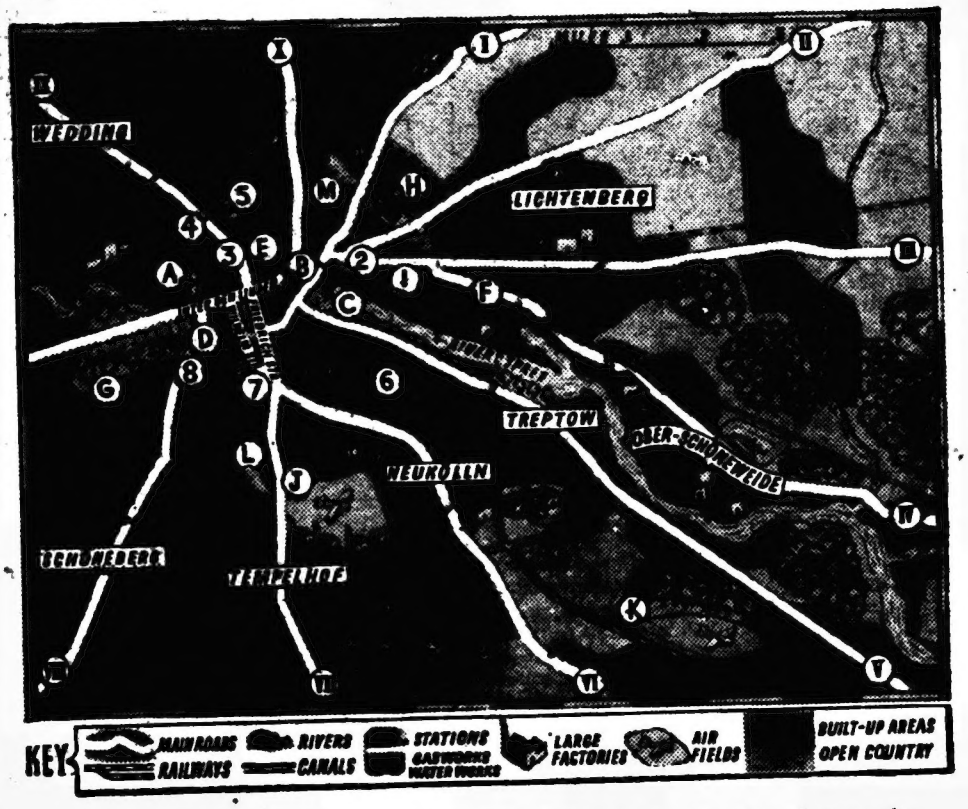
British and American planes are now acting as Soviet artillery, and Dresden is a ruin.

Koniev and Zhukov, daring and valiant, are now preparing for the next stage—the siege of Berlin, the strategic points of which are illustrated on this page.

In the West the great flare-up will not be long delayed.

The Listening Ambassador

THE FEW REMAINING neutrals in Europe are now showing signs of cutting themselves off from collapsing Germany—if not of actual entry into the war.



Soon, Berlin will become a battlefield. Here are its strategic points as the attacking armies will see them:

(A) Reichstag. (B) Castle. (C) Town Hall. (D) Chancellery. (E) University. (F) Klingenberg (Berlin's "Battersea") Power Station. (G) War Ministry and Tiergarten Park. (H) Friedrichshain Park. (J) Tempelhof Airfield. (K) Rudow-Johannistal Airfields. (L) Kreuzberg Hill. (M) Prenzlauer Hill.

The main railway stations are numbered as follows: (1) Silesian Station. (2) Alexander Square Station. (3) Friedrichstrasse Station. (4) Lehrter (Hamburg) Station. (5) Stettin Station. (6) Goerlitz Station. (7) Anhalt (Leipzig-Dresden-Munich) Station. (8) Potsdam (Magdeburg-Cologne) Station.

The important roads of approach are numbered as follows: (I) From Stettin. (II) From Eberswalde-Danzig. (III) From Cuestrin-Poland. (IV) From Frankfurt-Poland. (V) From Goerlitz-Breslau. (VI) and (VII) From Dresden-Prague. (VIII) From Potsdam-Magdeburg or Leipzig. (IX) From Hamburg. (X) From Rostock-Sweden.

What does this mean, apart from the effect on German morale?

Portugal has provided bank vaults for some of the Nazi spoils. But the country is now completely isolated from the Reich.

Weizsaecker still represents Germany at the Vatican, and continues to live in Rome. The Vatican is likely to break off relations with the country which treated Catholics with such contempt.

Made for Germany

Sweden provides Germany with pulp and with a dwindling supply of steel and machine tools. She does so reluctantly, but she still imports coal from the Reich and cannot do without it.

In Stockholm Ambassador Thomsen has a useful listening-post which occasionally picks up snippets of news about Britain.

Switzerland is the most valuable of the neutrals to Germany, and her precision instruments and foodstuffs would be badly missed.

Snub for Franco

This leaves Spain; proud, petulant, and pitiful.

Franco has been writing to Mr. Churchill, trying to jump on the winning band-waggon. He has been rightly and properly put in his place.

Faced with the downfall of his beloved Nazis, he may even be forced to ask

JB insurance

"A REVELATION AND A PLEASURE"

is how Mr. F. Chapman of Carmarthen describes "the very prompt way in which John Bull settled my claim."

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS, in addition to PERSONAL WAR RISK INSURANCE underwritten at Lloyd's.

Hitler to remove most or all of the huge German diplomatic mission in Spain—a cover for a vast espionage network.

In any case, Franco's number is up. He will not survive the fall of Germany by many months.

Spain will be well rid of him.

Will V2 Continue?

NEARLY NINETEEN PEOPLE a day were killed by V-bombs in Southern England during January. The figure is higher than for previous months. It raises the immediate query: will the present operations on the Western Front have an immediate effect on the V2 attacks?

The answer is: No.

It is well known that the rockets are fired from the Hague area. In order to overrun this district it would be necessary for the British and Canadian troops to drive through the heart of Holland, from the Maas to the Zuider Zee.

That cannot be expected at this stage.

Maximum Range

But it is important not to exaggerate the power of the V2. Its maximum range is believed to be about 200 miles. In the future it may be possible to step-up the throw of these rockets, but by then the war will be over.

That is why the V2 firing sites remain in such a dangerous area to the Germans.

An attack across Holland to the Zuider Zee might indeed have stopped the V-bombs, but the military value of the present attack towards the Ruhr is much greater.

The stoicism of the man in the street has helped in keeping the issue clear-cut. The drive to the heart of Germany has started; the V-bomb sites have been ignored. They will fall, as the Nazi armies reel back.

Lawyers' Delight

THE REQUISITIONED LAND AND WORKS BILL has had a lively time in Parliament. It is immensely complicated, a delight for lawyers, a horror for laymen.

Translated into English, what does it mean?

It aims to recover for the Government part of the public money spent on buildings and works on requisitioned land since the war began.

It has been obscured by squeals from the Outside Right, from Tories who take up their cudgels for footpaths, commons and ordinary rights whenever they fear that their interests may be threatened by State enterprise.

The Two Forgotten Men

Every acre of land in the country should be used or kept as a breathing space, according to a sensible plan. The Scott and Barlow Reports show the way in which the fundamental earth of the country could be used to best advantage.

But these reports have surely been side-tracked. Is there any intention of dealing with town and country planning?

It hardly seems so. Instead, the jungle boys who are so anxious to preserve everything for their own private vandalism are having their way.

"To-be-Sold" Fortunes

AT LONG LAST the Government has announced the appointment of a committee to consider the whole question of the price of houses.

To-day this is a major racket. Houses worth £750 before the war are often being sold for £2,500.

Vacant possession puts hundreds on to the supposed value of a property.

Houses are in desperately short supply; it is outrageous that advantage should be taken of this fact for private profit.

"IS YOUR JOURNEY REALLY NECESSARY?"

The names of the committee will be announced soon. Their report is urgently needed.

Mr. Boot Objects

THE WHOLE HOUSING PROBLEM, and the rebuilding problem, is immensely complicated

Charles Boot, president of the Federation of Master Builders, feels that he was misrepresented recently when JOHN BULL quoted him as saying that his section of the industry would not provide the houses we need unless rents go up and there is a subsidy.

What Mr. Boot actually said, he informs us, was that "We can take no part in building houses *to let* unless rents go up and there is a subsidy."

Quite so. Mr. Boot and his friends would have no objection, apparently, to building houses for sale.

The master builders, as Mr. Boot reminds us, worked nobly producing the prefabricated harbours outside the Normandy beaches. But we still maintain that no group of employers has the right to dictate the Government's housing programme.

Power Shortage

IT IS NOW ADMITTED by the electrical utilities combines themselves that there is a serious danger of a current famine in the years after the war.

The reason: installation of new generating plant and transmission lines has been on a reduced scale, while the industry has concentrated on feeding vital war units.

The solution, surely, is a rationalised —and nationalised—fuel and power industry.

Industry's driving force must be planned by the country as a whole, for the benefit of the country as a whole.

Equality on the Air

THE BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION has prepared a new plan with which to handle that much-criticised feature "The Week in Westminster."

In future, there will be a rota of twelve Party speakers, two from each of the three dominant Parties in the Co... and two each from the Lords.

This move will overcome the (... Right wing) outcry that the talks ... biased.

Recently Brendan Bracken made ... excellent comment that the B.B.C. ... how valuable it is from the way in ... it is accused of serious bias—by ... extremists of both sides.

Persecuted

EX-POLICE INSPECTOR JOHN SYM... died last week, was an unhappy ... with what psychologists call a per... tion complex.

More than thirty years ago he ... dismissed from the police after ... years' service. He thereupon start... campaign against what he believed ... an injustice, and he was a familiar ... figure in the London scene, carrying ... carefully written posters stating his ...

You frequently saw him patr... Trafalgar Square, paying little or ... attention to the people who hurried ... him.

His private feud with authority ... on for years and years, but the ... was busy. Nobody listened to him.

That was the tragedy of John Sym...

Two Exciting Volumes

IF EVER A MAN was shabbily treated ... the obituary writers, that man, ... was Sir William Rothenstein.

Born in Bradford, educated at ... grammar school, where J. B. Prie... was to follow him years later, Roth... stein lived and flourished in a society ... which men of genius were almost ... monplace.

In Montmartre, in his breathl... student days, he was the friend ... painters whose names are now immor... In London, in the brilliant 1890's, he ... one of the Café Royal crowd which ... cluded Shaw, Beardsley, Harris, Wi... and other giants.

He was not himself a great pain... and he had no love for limelight. ... he left behind him a book of remi... cences—in two volumes—which can pr... ably be found in many public libraries.

It is one of the most exciting bo... of modern times.

Starred Hats

THE PRICES OF women's hats, accord... to qualified judges, have been re... ing almost astronomical figures. N... starting March 1, by arrangement b... tween the Board of Trade and the ma... facturers, "starred" hats are to app... in the shops.

Hats with one star marked inside ... lining will cost one guinea or less; th... with two stars up to 25s

A JOHN BULL woman who has inve... tigated the whole subject reports that ... these hats will be made of wool felt.

There will be a huge range of ind... dual choice; manufacturers will be a... to produce any designs they like wit... certain limits.

Racing Prospects

THE ONLY CONSOLATION at the end ... this disastrous National Hunt Sea... is the inclusion of the Gold Cup ... Champion Hurdle at Cheltenham ... March 17 and March 31.

The Windsor meeting, which had b... scheduled for March 24, will be tra... ferred to Cheltenham.

The first three months of this ye... "Flat" will be almost exactly the s... as last year. The start will be on E... Monday, April 2, at Ascot, instead ... Windsor.

In addition to Newmarket, th... courses will be used in the South—A... Windsor, and Salisbury. In the N... there will be four—Stockton, Pontef... Catterick, and Thirsk.

Apart from the Bank Holidays, Ea... Monday and Whit Monday, racing ... be restricted to Saturdays only on ... courses except at Newmarket.

"VISION SPLENDID," by A.G.G.

THERE is a silver lining to the tragedy of Europe. It is provided by the inspiring vision of the future which has come from the Crimean Conference. No deliverance of such authority or of such vast constructive scope has ever fallen upon the ears of the world as that which has issued from the deliberations of President-Roosevelt, Marshal Stalin and Mr. Churchill.

Most impressive of all is the spirit of unity and resolution in which the three mightiest powers in the world have pledged themselves to the task of delivering mankind from the bondage of war.

The decisions have three broad purposes. The first is to end the war decisively, to punish the criminals, to cut out the cancer of Prussian militarism, to destroy the Nazi power beyond any possibility of its revival, and to occupy and police Germany against the power ever again to destroy the peace of the world or the liberties of her neighbours.

The second is to rebuild the shattered structure of Europe upon the foundations of law, justice, democratic institutions and collective security against aggression.

The third and the most far reaching is to inaugurate a world society of nations, dedicated to the abolition of force and to the universal rule of law. In this great task of uniting all mankind in a co-operative Commonwealth, the three major powers will provide the umbrella under which the experiment can be securely developed. But they will exercise no exclusive powers. In the evolution of the system all signatory nations, great or small, will have their part. And to the enjoyment of its blessings all nations, even the enemies of to-day, will have access on the loyal acceptance of its conditions.

This is "the vision splendid" that is offered to the world on the eve of its triumph over the Satanic powers of the past. If it is realised the tragedy of Europe will not have been suffered in vain and posterity will hold in everlasting remembrance the names of the three statesmen who have brought it deliverance.

UNFAIR PLAY FOR FIGHTING MEN!

JOHN BULL last week gave this pledge: "To fight without ceasing for full justice to the Serving Man." We contend that the proposed War Gratuities can and must be more generous. To-day we get powerful support from a well-known political fighter

by EMANUEL SHINWELL, M.P.

T A CROWDED MEETING the other night I referred to several matters of topical interest: the gallantry of our Soviet Ally, fate of Europe, employment and housing. what aroused the liveliest interest and ked the loudest applause was my reference he niggardly attitude of the Government war gratuities.

There is no doubt that public opinion is dised over this matter. The civilian population t the Forces to have a square deal; they don't t a repetition of the shameful treatment that accorded ex-Servicemen after the last war.

Nor is there any doubt about the temper of men and women in the Forces. Judging by tone of many letters I have received the ernment's decision has gone down badly.

Sir John Anderson will deceive himself if he gines the last word has been said on this sub- Many strong words will be used before this e is finally settled; some of the words used by Forces in describing the scheme are unprint-e.

Only Sounding Brass

I can't help thinking that there was some- ng of the "Smart Alec" about the Chancellor he Exchequer when he presented the scheme. built up what appeared to be a formidable to which the members of the Forces would entitled on their discharge. But on analysis s seen to contain four items, three of which e really nothing to do with the war gratuity all.

One of them is the sixpence a day deferred which was set aside in 1942. Now this was ceded by the Government after a sharp and isive agitation by M.P.s who demanded an inase in Service pay. It should be noted that no single occasion did the Government come ward and declare its intention of awarding an ease in pay; it moved only when the Parliantary pressure became too strong for it.

But instead of agreeing to the suggestions ich came from every quarter of the House of mmons, the Government conceded a small inase and then announced that sixpence a day of the increase would be set aside as a post- credit.

What on earth has this got to do with the tuity? It is pay to which the men are legally itled and would have remained to their credit n if there had been no gratuity.

Promises—and Fulfilment

Then there is the sum of £12 to enable th n to buy a civilian outfit. There are two things e said about this.

One is that large numbers of men who were charged early in the war received either an fit, or its money equivalent, which amounted about £2 15s., and their claim to have the full ount restored to them cannot be ignored.

The other is that unless the men are allowed wear their Service uniform after discharge, d that is most unlikely, or are to appear in a te of nudity, they must be provided with the ans of acquiring a civilian outfit.

But why should that amount be included in gratuity? The Government is making a ne of necessity. As regards the eight weeks' ease pay and ration money, how the Chancellor include this within the definition of a gratuity staggering.

Did he really expect that men and women eased from the Forces should be left to their n resources? Did he expect them to save enough

He went through Hell—in the wilds of Burma, the mud of Holland. Now a "grateful" Government talks of rewarding his valour with an average Gratuity of £25. It's not good enough!

out of their pay to enable them to maintain themselves until they were absorbed in normal employment?

It is the most natural thing in the world that when men are demobilised after four or five years of active service they would want some recreation, some enjoyment, and may even regard themselves worthy of a holiday. How far does Sir John expect the release money to go? The average amount wouldn't pay for a decent fortnight's holiday at one of the favourite holiday resorts for an ex-Serviceman and his family.

So all that remains is the actual gratuity of 10s. a month for every year of service. So far as it can be worked out, the average sum will be in the region of £25; some will have more, some less.

And this is the extent of the Government's generosity to the men who saved the nation; the victors of El Alamein; the invaders of D-Day; the men who braved and survived the jungle swamps of Burma.

This is the actual fulfilment of all the glowing promises to the men that have adorned the speeches of Cabinet Ministers and their sheeplike followers, who for nearly five years have comprised the Government claque in the House of Commons and howled at every word of criticism from the Opposition benches. It's all very well to lump the various sums together and present it as a vast nest egg, but take it apart and see it for what it really is.

Nor is that all. I am certain that the anomalies that will emerge from the scheme are going to give the Government a headache for some considerable time. And if not the present Government, then its unfortunate successor.

There are obvious inequalities among the non-commissioned ranks that will create bitterness. For example, men with the same length of service will not receive the same sums. A man with five years' service who remained a private will receive less than another man with the same service who was more fortunate and became a corporal or a sergeant, despite the fact that the non-commissioned officer had the benefit of increased pay.

On the other hand, an officer will receive much less by way of actual gratuity than he would have received in the last war.

And what of the women? Though Service pay varies as between men and women in the Forces, it is, to say the least of it, doubtful whether there should be any differentiation in respect of gratuities, when the same period of service operates.

I gather that some people are impressed by the statement that the gratuity will cost the State £200,000,000. This is, of course, a large sum, but it is just as well to point out that it is less than four weeks' cost of the war.

But there is a substantial difference between the expenditure of money on weapons of destruction, which, apart from victory over the Nazis, will bring no tangible return, and the spending of sums made available to the Forces on discharge in the purchase of domestic goods of all kinds within our own country that will circulate money from hand to hand and assist materially in restoring trade.

How Far will £150 Go?

The Government is making a song and dance about the relief from income tax in respect of gratuities, but when the sums are spent and find their way into the hands of shopkeepers and traders the Treasury will get its fair share of what is going.

I am not unmindful of the promises made by the Government to provide a high and stable level of employment, to furnish ex-Servicemen who wish to start in business with sums up to £150 (though how anybody is going to set himself up in business, having regard to existing prices, on £150 is a conundrum), and also the Social Insurance schemes.

All this looks well on paper, but it requires legislation, and it needs also a House of Commons that is ready to drive through all the obstacles in order to get the schemes working in time.

I hope for the best, but frankly warn the men and women in the Forces not to be too optimistic.

Therefore, a bit on account in the form of a cash payment will prove very acceptable. It will help to tide over the transitional period; it will assist in buying some much-needed furniture and other domestic needs that have been lacking in far too many Servicemen's homes during the war; it will also give them a feeling of independence.

It's Up to Public Opinion

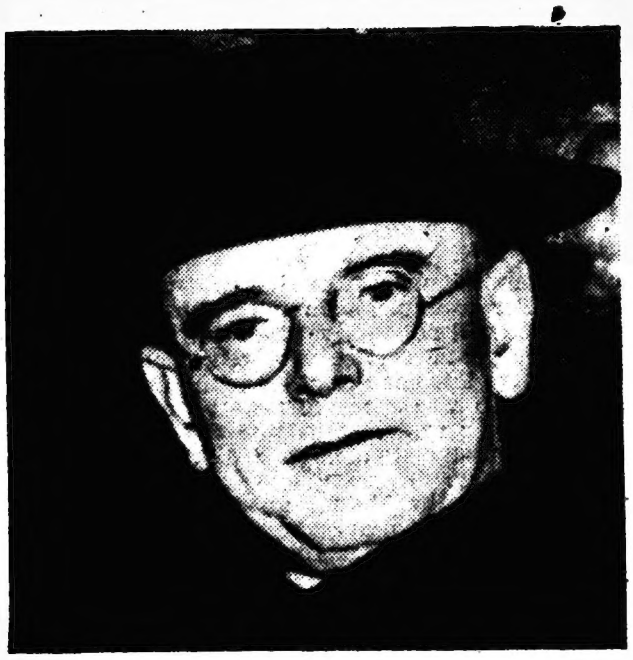
But let us be just about it, even if we can't afford to be too generous. One hundred pounds won't go very far, but £200 will certainty go further. Let us remove the glaring inequalities that spring from difference in rank, and between the sexes.

In short, let us tackle this business of gratuities with justice and with good will.

I don't believe there is a single person in the whole country who would grudge giving a higher gratuity. There is no Member of Parliament who would dare raise his voice against it. The only obstacle is the Government, but Governments, however powerful, can be stimulated in the right direction.

All that is wanted is to harness public opinion in this good cause.

OPEN LETTERS



The Archbishop has spoken against "excessive control." In doing so, has he turned a political somersault?

Dr. Bernard Griffin,

Archbishop of Westminster

DEAR DR. GRIFFIN,—I am puzzled by your recent warning about the perils of too much planning.

"Excessive legislation and control," you say, "will inevitably lead to the servile state and rob us of that freedom for which all are striving and many are dying. It will make us lose our sense of responsibility, while voluntary effort and initiative will be stifled."

Surely you are not turning a political somersault? For I recall some of your other recent utterances that appeared to favour the planning of a better Britain.

You have pleaded for a guaranteed wage for the family, and for State grants to young people about to marry. Such reforms surely need planning.

In a strong condemnation of the slums you declared: "The first call on labour and materials after the war should be for the building of premises suitable to house the families of the nation." You will agree that without wise and enlightened planning the nation will wait a long, long time for those homes.

When the Beveridge Report first appeared you came out strongly in favour of the Report, saying: "We need it. We want to get it going as soon as possible." And here, of course, is the greatest plan in our history.

And, again, in a broadcast on the National Day of Prayer, you warned: "Our statesmen have now to think how to build on more solid and lasting foundations."

Surely that world we both so earnestly desire cannot take shape unless we all plan for it and work for it. And that means a good deal of State control.

Your deep, abiding interest in the future of the men and women of this island is so sincere and so active that I cannot believe you agree with the hundred Tory M.P.s who are campaigning for a quick ending of State controls.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Will Hay,

Chairman, Variety Artists' Federation

DEAR MR. HAY,—I've laughed many a time at the antics and wisecracks of your leading lights on the music-halls. But I could only smile wryly at their ban on ex-enemy performers from appearing in Britain for ten years after the war.

Ronald Frankau's voice was a cry in the wilderness. "Art is international," he said, "and if you pass this resolution within a year after the war you will be scratching your heads as to how to get out of this pledge, and all be feeling damned fools."

As Sir Walter Citrine has said, no country can be indefinitely isolated. Certainly we should not perpetuate national prejudices as the Nazis have done.

Besides, there are German democrats and German militarists. Do you think any Nazified German will be allowed by our Home Office to enter Britain for years after the war?—JOHN BULL.

General Charles de Gaulle,

Head of the French Provisional Govt.

DEAR GENERAL,—There is bewilderment, and not a little resentment in Britain at the somewhat pompous and grandiloquent way you have been talking lately.

"We will make the Rhine a French road from one end to the other," you declared recently. "There will be a French victory on the other side of the Rhine."

Heartening words for your fellow-countrymen who have suffered for generations the threat of the Boche! And equally gratifying to them was your broadcast declaration that: "The French Army will become the predominant element in the occupation of Germany."

Those in Britain who criticise you do not know what is happening behind the scenes. Nor are they aware of the political shape of things to come.

But I know your problems. I realise how urgently you need food for your people and arms for your troops.

And I suspect you of throwing an outsize spanner into the United Nations' machinery so that the managing directors will have to take notice of the grievances you express on behalf of your country.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. D. L. Lipson,

M.P. for Cheltenham

DEAR SIR,—In the stirring march of recent events insufficient attention has been paid to a suggestion you made in the House of Commons concerning the plight of British prisoners in Japanese hands.

The treatment of these starved, neglected men is one of the foulest things in the history of this foul war. Nothing should be left undone to alleviate the misery they are enduring.

Therefore, your proposal that Britain might ask Russia to intercede where the Protecting Power has failed is worthy of more consideration than it was given by the Government.

Russia is in a strong position. Japan cannot afford to offend her—particularly in view of the fact that the Russians will sit with the Chinese at the San Francisco Conference in April.—JOHN BULL.

Lord de la Warr,

Director, Home Flax Production

MY LORD,—Your warning to farmers that they cannot expect market security without some measure of control is timely. The war has proved that planned production is essential if the best is to be got from the land. And, in peace as well as in war, import and export quotas are essential for adequate feeding.

If the people are to be better fed, as the Hot Springs Conference proposed, production must be raised. That requires scientific organisation and careful co-ordination.

Farmers, rightly, regard you as an expert and helpful friend. I hope they will follow your advice and not throw away the substance of control for the shadow of unlimited freedom and, possibly, economic disaster.—JOHN BULL.

The Dutch Child Refugees

DEAR CHILDREN,—After the horrible years you have spent in Holland under the Germans, Britain must seem like the promised land to you.

There are homes for you and all the other children who are about to follow you.

There is warmth for you in the hearts of those who welcome and house you.

And there is also the wish that, when you return stronger and happier to your own country, you will remember in years to come the friendships of our people for yours.

Here's my welcome to you—and a wish that you have all the luck you have so cruelly earned.—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

TAKE IT EASY

THE EASIEST JOB in the world can be very difficult if you try to do it all at once.

The most difficult job can be quite easy if you analyse it and tackle it step by step.

If you were asked to build a motor-car, a railway engine, or an aeroplane, you would be unable to do it. But then no one can build a motor-car, a railway engine, or an aeroplane all at once. The most any one can do is to build first this little bit, then that little bit. It is only when the various bits have been assembled that the complete thing emerges.

This is the right way to tackle any job. Look at it first. Try to see—and to understand—just what the job involves.

Work out what is essential and what is not so essential. Do the first things first.

"Take it easy" is not a silly piece of advice. It is a very hard piece of advice to follow, for it means thinking everything out coolly, doing everything easily and without panic.

This applies to the job of living, too. We mostly rush around trying to get through life—muddle through life would be a better description—without any sort of planning. This is doing the most important job of all in the hardest way.

As in the smallest job, so in the biggest job—we must get our values right. First things first. That is really the whole secret.

Argument

DAY NURSERIES?

The Ministry of Health suggest that day nurseries are regarded as a war-time measure to be wound up when peace returns. Should they be continued?

for

1. The woman in the home works harder than most. Unless she can afford servants, her only chance of proper relaxation is the occasional use of a day nursery.

2. The day nursery provides "the world in miniature," the healthy rough and tumble, among others of similar age, so valuable to a child's development.

3. Contact with qualified day nursery staff is a great help to the mother and will gradually raise home standards of child-care.

4. A qualified staff may detect and treat conditions of ill health more easily than the mother.

5. In all but a very small number of cases, it has been shown that the children themselves like day nurseries and look forward to their visits there.

against

1. The home is the basis of our national life. The less the State has to do with child-care the better.

2. A child needs a sense of security, and this can only be centred round one home—the child-mind cannot cope with two.

3. The mother, aided by expert advice from welfare clinics, is the best person to bring up her child. No skill, however great, can replace a mother's loving and personal care.

4. Whenever large numbers of children are gathered together infection spreads rapidly. Young children, of infection-prone ages, are safest at home.

5. Day nurseries were opened to encourage mothers to take war jobs. Do we want the necessary evils of war time continued in peace?

HOW HITLER MAY FIGHT IT OUT

STANLEY BISHOP, War Correspondent at SHAEF, sends this account, based on inside information, of the way the Nazi leaders are expected to fight it out from a last secret stronghold among the mountains

WHERE AND HOW does the Nazi Party mean to carry on the fight after the collapse of Germany's main Armed Forces?

Already, with the Russian tide lapping over the River Oder, and the British and American armies poised to sweep across the plain of Cologne and into the Ruhr, the Nazi leaders are following long-made preparations.

Government and Party bureaux have moved from Berlin to Munich, Dresden and beyond.

Goebbels' propaganda machine has been moved to Satzburg. That place is significant, for it is south-east of Salzburg, and it is to the Bavarian and Austrian Alps that the Nazi leaders and a strong collection of their S.S. troops will retreat.

Vast Hidden Stores

Indication of their intentions comes with considerable detail from intelligence sources in Germany by way of Stockholm and Berne.

Recently I saw a summary of Nazi Party instructions for the movement of S.S. and paratroop detachments into the Bavarian mountains, and for the organisation of guerilla warfare. The principal concentration of troops is to be at Immenstadt, Arlberg, Meran and Tauernpas.

Numbers of S.S. troops are now in these districts. They have been requisitioning buildings for headquarter offices and billets, and directing civilian labour into the building of defences.

Great reserves of stores, food, ammunition and weapons have been accumulated in depots, most of them underground at the feet of the mountains. For many weeks past supply trains have been unloading west of the Arlburgh tunnel and at Langen, two railheads for the depots.

Deep below the ground of the valleys are electricity stations, telephone and radio centres, and hospitals. There are miles of well-lighted, ventilated tunnels equipped as shelters. The whole area is a fortress, ready for garrisoning.

Prepared and Confident

The Party and military leaders who are to fall back on this mountain-protected stronghold have already been advised. They know exactly what is expected of them, at what stage of events they have to move from other parts of Germany, and where they have to report.

The S.S. formations for the garrisons have been earmarked. They will come from the western and eastern fronts and from Italy.

Himmler is to be the active commander-in-chief of this last Nazi army. He will direct operations for as long as possible from Hitler's Berchtesgaden.

The Nazi leaders believe that the prepared defences among the mountains are so strong as to be secure against direct attack and air bombardment. It is an impregnable territory—so they think.

They count on being able to carry on the struggle sufficiently long to secure safety terms for themselves and their followers. They reckon on war weariness among the Allied nations, so that in the end some other offer than Unconditional Surrender will be made them.

"It is our only chance. We have nothing to lose, but may have something to gain"—that is the line of reasoning. But this is only part of the Nazi plan for after defeat. Guerilla warfare is to be widespread.

When organised resistance by the German field armies is overcome, the underground movement will become active. The Nazis have learned a great deal from the patriot movements in Occupied Countries, and they are training men and women in guerilla combat schools. They have established underground centres and nominated leaders. The organisation is all ready to function.

Guerilla units will be formed from S.S. men, the Field Police and members of the *Gestapo* who go into hiding. They will break away from the army and take to refuges in the hills and the forests, receiving orders from the nearest resistance centre.

Women in Training

Whenever feasible, they are to attack the Allied rear, sabotage communications, and "eliminate Allied high officers and collaborators."

Money for the use of resistance groups has been deposited in different parts of Germany under the control of each district leader. Stocks of arms and ammunition and explosives have been secreted.

It is laid down in one of the instruction manuals of an "underground" combat school that "Women can be extremely useful. They should be trained with all types of hand weapons." Apparently they will serve in the smaller resistance groups: "The smallest effective group of an organisation"—states an instruction—"should be five, including women."

Local Party leaders who join resistance groups are to change their names and will be issued with the identity papers of civilians killed in bombing or of dead soldiers.

Secret Nazi Network

Each area in Germany is to have its special resistance base. "Guerilla warfare must develop into a reign of terror to invaders of your sacred Fatherland," says another order.

Then there is propaganda. It is claimed that the "propaganda field" has an army of 200,000 agents, ready to carry out instructions in *Allied and neutral countries*. Their mission is "to keep alive in Europe the ideology of Nazism, and prepare the way for a return of the Party to power."

Agents must be prepared to keep in touch with all classes, and to campaign by the spoken and written word.

"Those in association with Labour must be equal in their readiness for attack on employers, and on the recognised leaders of the workers."

Funds for a furtherance of Nazi propaganda for a "post-hostility period of five years" are said to be lodged in Switzerland and in South America.

Control of the insidious propaganda machine in Europe is to be from Switzerland.

So much for the plans. We can take it for granted that the United Nations are ready with counter-plans.

THE LAST DITCHERS

Himmler will be in command. But the "fighting leader" will be "Sepp" Dietrich, ex-waiter, ex-bodyguard of Hitler, now highest-ranking Nazi Party officer.

Officially described as Colonel-General of the S.S. Black Guards, he commands a whole army of picked and death-defying S.S. men, all of them with a personal and political record that stamps them as criminals.

His staff, like himself, was trained in street fighting and had "practice" at concentration camps.

With Dietrich will be S.S. General Steiner, commander of the mixed European Black Guard division of Fascists—all of whom have a price on their heads in their own country.

Such men as Dr. Hans Frank, the "butcher of Poland"; Obert, the *Gestapo* leader of France; Daluege, real successor of "Killer" Heydrich as head of the *Gestapo*; will carry on the administration of whatever territory may remain under Nazi control.

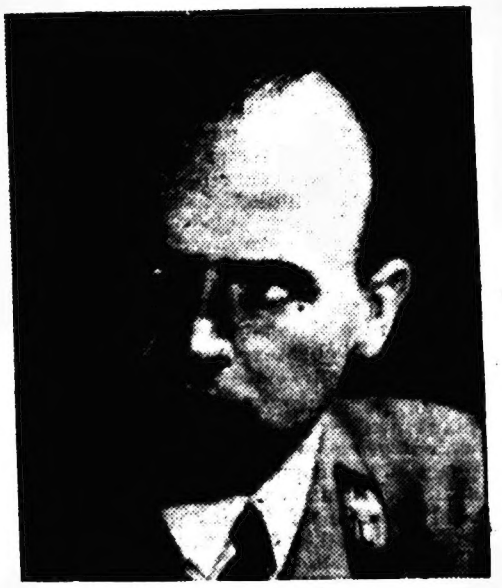
The brutal and stupid S.A. leader, Schepmann, who trained the *Volkssturm*, has little hope of taking many of the German "Home Guard" into a last-ditch fight. But he is expected to organise civilians of the last-ditch territory into fighting and guerilla units.

A few regular officers who have been indicted as war criminals will fight to the end with Seyss-Inquart, expert on Austria, and Bormann, the little-known successor to Hess.

Colonel-General Guderian, Chief of Staff, will not be there. His place is likely to be taken by Lieut.-General Warlimont, Hitler's personal military adviser. An unenviable position!

Last Ditcher, No. 1—"Sepp" Dietrich, ex-waiter in command of an S.S. Army

This map shows the scene of the last-ditch stand planned by the Nazis



Last Ditcher, No. 2—Dr. Frank, "Butcher of Poland" and civil administrator

DON'T TRUST THE PACKET!

Gardeners are preparing for another "Dig for Victory" Season. And swindlers are ready to cheat them. This article tells you of the traps to avoid and the "bargains" which prove costly

by DAVID J. MURPHY

WITHIN THE NEXT few weeks amateur gardeners and allotment-holders will be getting out their spades and forks in readiness for another dig-for-victory season. But many of them are doomed to disappointment, for the gardening racketeers are busy again.

Once again, this year, vegetable seeds, flower seeds and plants of all kinds are likely to be in short supply. Gardeners will be scrambling for them—and eager buyers are not always cautious. So the racketeer thrives on hosts of victims.

Thus, the war time fruit famine and the provision of extra sugar for jam-making has encouraged many people to buy such "bargains" as "Superb collection of fruit trees. Ten kinds, all different. 50s. the lot."

Double the Price

But experts who have examined typical specimens have found, in many cases, that six out of ten of the so-called "trees" are actually bushes, their trade price being 2s. 6d. a hundred. A fair price for the whole collection would be 25s.—in good condition—which many of them are not!

Then there are the scores of amateurs who dream of growing grapes out of doors without glass. Their mouths almost water at the thought of feasting on the grapes they intend to grow.

So they accept such offers as "Grow your own grapes out of doors—without glass. Large bunches, heavy yields, delicious flavour. Selected vine eyes, 2s. each."

But here is the warning of a professional nurseryman who grows prize grapes every year in his extensive greenhouses:

"Not 10 per cent. of professional growers have ever raised a vine from an 'eye.' As for growing grapes out of doors without glass in our climate, it is practically impossible. This kind of offer, so far as 99 per cent. of amateurs are concerned, is an unadulterated swindle."

They're Just—Weeds

Now turn to vegetables. Leeks, for instance. The gardener who buys leek plants cheaply may be lucky—or he may not.

One dodge of the unscrupulous plant dealer is to lift wild leeks—which grow in profusion in some parts of the country—and sell them as the cultivated variety. But the wild leek is a weed, pure and simple, though it takes an expert eye to distinguish it from the genuine plant.

The amateur who plants wild leeks does not have to wait long to find the whole of his plot covered with the weeds, and they are extremely difficult to exterminate.

Another swindle is the packing of poor seed in containers bearing labels of the best and most popular varieties. These seeds yield practically nothing, and the man who sows them is wasting time, labour—and money.

While most gardeners have devoted most of their efforts to growing food, no one would deny them the pleasure of raising a few flowers. In these drab days we can all get added pleasure from colour, and most of us want flowers more than we ever did. The outrageous prices being paid for early blooms is evidence of that.

What a Profit!

This is where the racketeer steps in. There is, perhaps, more swindling in flower seeds and plants than in the vegetable and fruit side of the business.

The trade price for ordinary lupin seeds is 80s per *hundredweight*. Yet thousands of packets of these seeds are sold every week during the Spring at 2s. 6d. for a dozen seeds, described as "Finest Anemones"!

As for bulbs, the swindling is country-wide. It takes an expert to know a good bulb, and it is no exaggeration to say that many thousands of pounds have already been spent by amateurs in the last few months on bulbs that never will, and never can, flower.

Sample lots of bulbs, recently examined by experts, have shown how the ordinary gardener can be cheated wholesale.

Good Advice

One collection was advertised as follows: "Superfine selection of 200 bulbs. Beautiful colours and choice blooms. The lot for 25s."

It was found that 185 of these "superfine" specimens would never flower. They were dead and mildewed.

Specimens examined from similar selections were infested with pests that not only made flowering impossible, but which would spread like weeds throughout any garden in which they were planted.

What is the gardener and allotment-holder to do? The answer is simple. Deal only with reputable firms and avoid all alleged bargains.

As in everything else, the cheap "bargain" more often than not proves to be a very dear proposition. If you want the best seeds and plants you must be prepared to pay the right price.

So buy the best available or deal with the local nurseryman whom you know personally. They know they have to satisfy their customers or go out of business.

Bones protrude through the skin of ... a French street to the slaughterhou...

THE TRA... LIBER...

by A. G. ...AR

LIBERATION HAS COME, but the tragedy of Europe deepens. It deepens with the revelation of the horror which the fleeing Nazi hordes are leaving behind them.

For five years the German octopus has bled the nations white. "Whoever starves," said Goering at the beginning of the war, "it will not be the Germans." And dreadfully has the promise been fulfilled.

Over all Europe starvation and malnutrition have spread like a plague. Millions have perished and the vitality of a whole generation of Europe's childhood has been blighted from birth.

And this is only one aspect of the tragedy. As the curtain of Liberation rises upon the devastated lands, a spectacle of universal chaos is disclosed, political chaos, economic chaos, domestic chaos.

Millions Homeless

Hardly a home has escaped the Anarch's fury. Whole nations have been disrupted and millions of nameless victims have vanished for ever in the furnace.

Peoples have been shifted like cattle to serve the needs of the tyrant power, and, according to Lord Reading, twenty to thirty millions of stateless people, homeless, ruined, enslaved, are scattered over the face of Europe.

In Germany alone twelve million aliens are herded in factories and concentration camps awaiting deliverance. Imagine the confusion when this great reservoir of humanity bursts its dam and floods all the avenues of escape from the doomed fortress.

And when the exiles find their own lands, what confronts them? Hunger, chaos and the wreckage of government.

Wherever the Nazis have been the administrative machine that held European life together has been destroyed, and, as we have seen in Greece, Belgium and Yugoslavia, the task of restoring the machine is impeded by the explosive forces that have been generated by five years of agonised suffering and silence.

It is in these circumstances that Liberation has come without lifting the tragedy of Europe. It has only made that tragedy more apparent and more tremendous.

The cheering crowds who celebrated the coming of Liberation thought that most of their troubles were over. But . . .

The hopes that it would bring with it a larger measure of immediate relief have been disappointed, and the view that Unrra has failed in its task is widely current. I hold no brief for Unrra, but the immensity and difficulties of its task must be borne in mind.

If Germany had surrendered when defeat was certain, as in the last war, the clamours of the starving Continent could have been better met. But the Nazi purpose in keeping the war going is to complete the wreck of Europe, even though Germany herself is destroyed with it.

Armies Come First

And while the war lasts the claims of the armies must have priority. Nothing, not even the humanities, can be allowed to imperil the earliest possible victory.

What does this mean? It means the munitioning, feeding and clothing of millions of men on the Rhine front, the Russian front, the Italian front, the Burmese front.

The demands of all this upon the available shipping space is the cause of Unrra's chief difficulty. That is transport.

Even if there is food enough accumulated to satisfy the needs of all liberated Europe, there is not the carrying power available. Nor until recently have we had access to the Atlantic or Ægean ports.

Another phase of the difficulty is the lack of transport on the other side of the Channel. The food that reaches the ports has to be distributed over great areas which have been stripped of all means of transport.

The war has played havoc with the

se wretched beasts, passing through Nearly all Europe is semi-starved

GEDY OF ATION

ARDINER

railways and the rolling stock, and wherever the Germans have been they have stolen every locomotive and every motor vehicle on which they could lay their hands.

Big Three's Decision

But these obstinate facts must not be accepted in a spirit of despair. They must stimulate us to overcome them.

If they are not overcome Liberation will have become a mockery, and the passions of a famine-stricken and chaotic Europe will be diverted from the enemy to ourselves.

And the difficulties can be overcome. No decisions of the Big Three at their meeting in the Crimea are more immediately pressing than those relating to the physical relief and the political settlement of the liberated peoples.

With the political solutions I am not concerned here. Of them it is enough to say that they dispose of the perverse misrepresentations of the political aims of the Allies current in some quarters.

A policy which commends itself to three such diverse potentates as Roosevelt, Stalin and Churchill cannot be far from the centre of wisdom and justice.

But the relief measures that are urgent call for the active support of the public. None of us in this fortunate island can be indifferent to the sufferings of a starving Continent. It is true that we have not escaped our share of the agonies of these years, and if the liberties of the world are being reborn it is because we stood firm when all seemed lost.

But we have been spared the bitterest afflictions that have overspread Europe. We have not seen our children perishing with hunger and cold, and no barbarian has been quartered in our homes.

These things, no less than the promptings of humanity, should make us impatient of delays in the alleviation of the sufferings of Europe.

Certain steps are imperative. We cannot ask our commanders in the field to cut down their demands on our shipping to the point of danger.

But the co-ordination of the military necessities and the civil needs should provide a substantial margin for relief—a margin to which we are sure the British soldier would readily contribute.

What We Must Do

And we at home can do much. This country has never been more efficiently fed than throughout the war, and a cut in our rations would, with the knowledge that it was saving innocent life, be cheerfully borne.

Towns in England which have never known what it was to go short of a meal might well "adopt" famishing towns across the Channel, in France, Belgium or Holland.

And in the matter of transport, now that the Channel ways are fairly secure, we might organise a relief service on the lines of the "miracle of Dunkirk." The mere moral effect of such a gesture would be inspiring both for the present and the future.

And in regard to the problem of distribution abroad, are there not multitudes of still usable lorries, cars and vehicles in this country which, though out of service, could supply the immediate needs of countries stripped of all the means of locomotion?

If, above all, the Big Three decision puts redoubled energy into the Unrra machine, we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that, whatever the sufferings, we have done our utmost to relieve them.

Finally, in this great work of rescue we should call upon the neutrals—Sweden, Turkey, Portugal, Eire and the rest—who have escaped the horrors of the war which has been fought for their freedom as for ours, to pay "ransom" for their deliverance to those who have suffered for them.

. . . morning in Paris still brings long queues for food. This one, outside a big cafe, awaits the meagre ration of "ersatz" coffee

They Can't Stop Priestley

Diehards hate his zeal for reform, suspect him of "Bolshevism." But he expresses the views of the people says HANNEN SWAFFER

It is J. B. Priestley, I would say, who during the war has, more than anyone else, embodied the moods, the feelings and the aspirations of the ordinary men and women of Britain. Inside his rather forbidding exterior there beats the average sort of human heart.

I wrote of him once: "He should be Priestley without becoming pontifical." It was a phrase, though, that was witty rather than fair. It exaggerated his assuredness of opinion.

There was a Row

Well, he now looks out, from his rooms in the austere Albany, that Victorian arcade which begins in a cul-de-sac off Piccadilly, on a reminder of another man who knew his own mind.

On the opposite wall is a plaque telling him, and the world, that Gladstone lived there for seven years. Gladstone, in the end, got most of his way—except Home Rule.

There, in the Albany, in no way disheartened by more set-backs than any other British war time speaker and writer has had to endure, Jack Priestley goes on with his self-appointed task of proclaiming that we are entitled to a better sort of world—one in which the masses can enjoy a greater share of the general bounty and live in comfortable homes in decent conditions of life.

It was in the dark days of the war that Priestley's troubles began. Asked to deliver a Sunday night postscript on the air, he made a speech that dared to sound like common-sense. It championed the cause of the little man.

Millions responded to it. It came like a breath of fresh air, after all the platitudes and preachings.

In a few hours Jack Priestley became, after Churchill, the most talked-of man in the country. He was hailed as the leader of all the good companions who, sick of the old conventions, sought to start off on a pilgrimate of adventure along the broad highway of a freer life.

Generally, the B.B.C. welcomed the arrival of a new wireless star of the first magnitude. They knew, from the enormous postbag, that a national spokesman had been found.

But, what a row there was—protests from politicians on the Right that "The B.B.C. has gone Left," screams that "This is Bolshevism," and yells from the retired colonels of Bath and Cheltenham.

The Voice Continued

More, there was secret pressure from Very High Up. In Diehard circles, Priestley was thought beastly.

Soon, there were no more of his postscripts to tune-in to at home.

Strangely enough, the B.B.C. explanation was that Priestley was "too good," that he had too strong a personality, and that, in consequence, he was "influencing opinion too much." If he had been less good a speaker, it wouldn't have mattered.

But overseas listeners were still allowed to hear Priestley's message. For two and a half years he did a broadcast every other night at 2.30 a.m.—to all the Dominions and to the U.S.A., where eighty stations relayed the talks.

This went on all through the blitz

J. B. PRIESTLEY SEEN BY GEORGE WHITELAW

The voice of the ordinary man, silenced here, could still be heard by the outside world!

Letters by the sackful reached Priestley from all over the world. After Churchill and Roosevelt, he had the greatest body of listeners of any man anywhere.

But Priestley's amazing industry did not end there.

He "went in for politics" and tried to merge his own followers with Sir Richard Acland's in Common Wealth. Unfortunately for that idea, Acland has a mind as stubborn as Priestley's. Only for a few weeks were they allies.

"Banned" Film

He wrote three more books, including "Britain at War," done anonymously for the Ministry of Labour, and four plays, among them one specially for the Army, and "They Came to a City."

The last-named was produced by a new theatrical venture, backed, as part of its cultural work, by the Co-operative movement. It brought in more money than the promoters had ever dreamed of making.

Then, when turned into a film, it caused fresh trouble for Priestley. If you remember, it is the story of a group of people who arrive at Utopia and then talk of their reactions at seeing realised the dreams of the prophets, Sir Thomas More and William Morris. Some don't like it! Some won't enter it without their friends.

Now this, although a British film, was banned from all the big cinemas and circuits.

"It is too preachy," they said in excuse. "The public doesn't like sermons."

"If you play about with the Right," I was reminded by Priestley, "you can go anywhere and say anything."

This, Noel Coward was allowed to do—until his insulting of Brooklyn's soldiers caused an outcry in the States.

"But if you are suspected of being Left, you are barred. . . .

"Still, if I am stopped in one place, I pop up in another."

They can't stop Priestley!

JOHN BULL'S Short Story

UNCERTAIN Glory

Fame had come to Will Jones in a strange manner and it seemed as if he might become a nonenity over-night equally strangely

by ERIC HATCH,

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

THE LIGHT SHONE WHITE and cruel and hard on the canvas of the ring. To the thousands of people gathered around that ring what was going to happen there was important. To a few, it was terribly important. To Will Jones, it was vitally important. It meant everything in the world to him that a man named Parker, whom he really didn't like at all, should here successfully defend his championship.

Will Jones was sitting in one of the Press seats, though he didn't look as though he belonged there, for he was big and lumbering and had an open, kindly face. The men about him were a sharper cut. He looked like what he was—a small provincial businessman, youngish, friendly, strange in a big city like London. On his left was the chief reporter from the *Bingham Chronicle*, who had brought him, and who on the side was his partner in an insurance business. On his right was Mary. He was going to marry Mary.

"*In this corner . . .*"

Will Jones reached out and took Mary's hand. He felt it press his. The announcer finished introducing the challenger—Harry Cumings. The crowd cheered. Will Jones thought about the time a few weeks ago when Tom Buckley, the *Chronicle's* chief reporter, had taken Mary and him to Cumings' training camp.

"Harry, shake hands with Will Jones of Bingham."

"How do you do." Cumings had looked at him slightly puzzled.

"*You* know—*Will Jones.*" Tom Buckley had been embarrassed. He'd promoted Will Jones from nothing to something. He didn't like it when people didn't recognise the name.

"WILL JONES—WILL JONES." Then Cumings flashed a smile. He had remembered. "Oh, *I* know—the man who beat the champ."

Tom Buckley had beamed. Will Jones had beamed. Harry Cumings had beamed, all of them pleased that the right thing had been said.

"In *this* corner . . ."

Will Jones' grip tightened on Mary's hand. They were introducing the champion—James Parker.

Cheers, swelling, rumbling, roared over the stadium. The two men in the ring shook hands.

Will Jones didn't see them shaking hands. He didn't even see the ring, it had faded like an old-time film flash-back and in its place he saw a red brick school in a small town and a green meadow behind it filled with hay.

He saw two boys there, noses streaming blood on to their town shirts, fists flailing, faces wearing expressions of ferocity that were no masks but the deadly, awful seriousness of childhood. He felt again the hotness of the blood in his eyes that made him see the other boy a little the way you saw people on the bank of the river when you were swimming under water.

He felt the blinding pain of a fist striking his temple. He felt himself lashing out with the last of his tired strength at the splotched face wavering in front of his eyes. He saw the boy go down, saw himself standing over him, heard his own voice sounding like somebody else's, saying, "Jimmie Parker, had enough? Take it back? Mary Palmer isn't a what you said she was?"

"Willie—you're hurting my hand."

Will Jones smiled at Mary.

"Sorry," he said, "I must have been day-dreaming, Mary. I was thinking about that time when we were all kids at school and . . ."

"And about how you beat the champion," said Mary. She smiled at him. "I'm—I'm glad you're not out there now, Willie.

The bell rang.

CUMINGS, LITHE, MORE graceful than the other man, was first in the centre of the ring. His mouth was in a firm line; his eyes were wide, calm. Parker's eyes were narrowed to slits. The stadium was silent. You could hear the scuff-scuff of the fighters' shoes on the canvas. Then Cumings loosed his left hook and it landed.

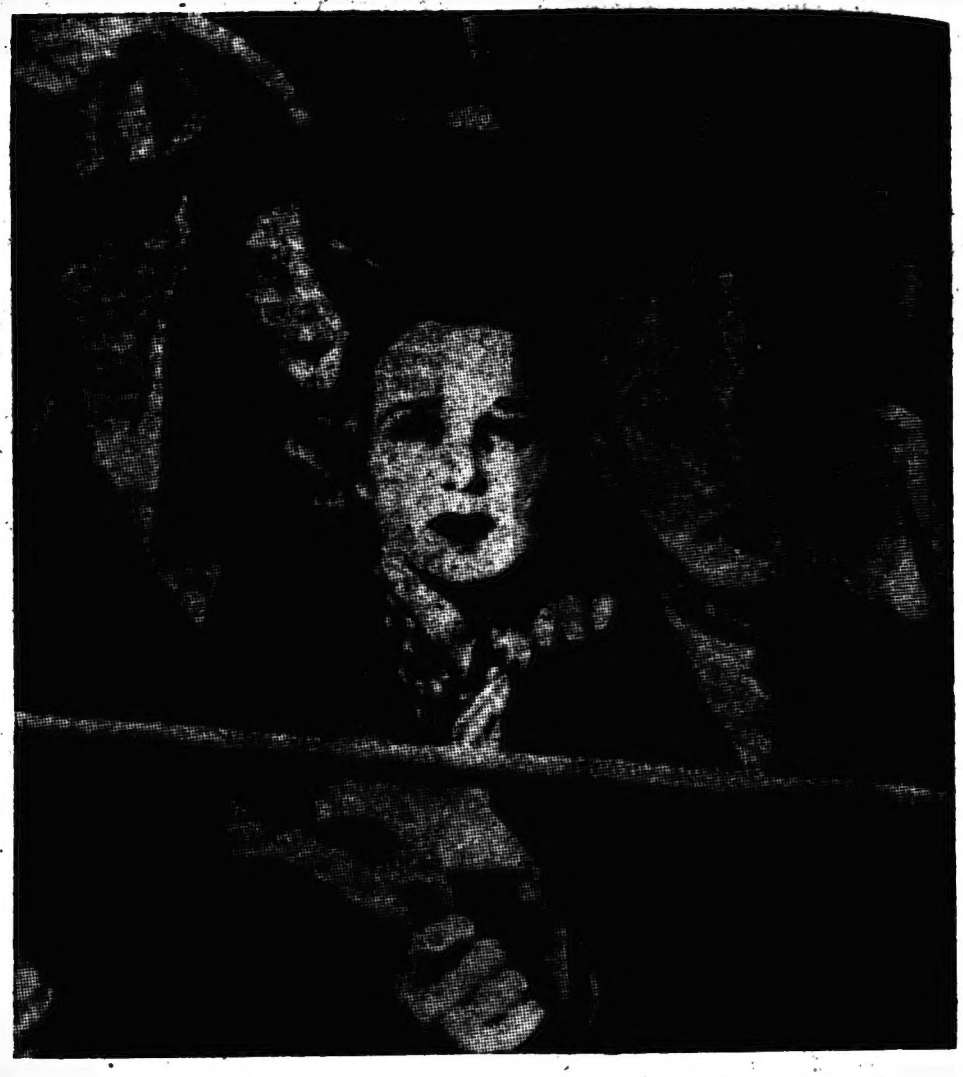
Parker, furious, rained blows at the man who had touched him. Many of them landed. The challenger was backed against the ropes in a clinch. The referee, slapping their sweaty bodies, broke them apart. Parker was panting, with rage more than with exertion. The challenger was as calm as when he had first stepped to the centre of the ring, only his chin, thrust forward now, and the eyes, still wide, had another look in them.

Will Jones saw the look and a little shiver ran over him. There was something odd about that look. It was so hard, so utterly relentless, cruel. Why, at the training camp Cumings hadn't looked at all like that. He'd seemed like a good fellow. He'd been so friendly and soft-spoken and he'd laughed and said, "So you beat the champion, eh? Tell me how you did it and perhaps I can beat him." And flattered and wanting to show off in front of Mary, Will had said, "I kept looking at him and hitting his face. He couldn't stand that. That's the place to hit him—in the face."

Cumings had smiled.

"You've got on in the world," he said, "since Parker became champion a year ago, haven't you?"

Then Tom Buckley'd taken his chance to show off. He'd said, "That was my idea. Here was Willie, nicest man you ever saw, getting nowhere. People laughed at him because he was big and clumsy and couldn't seem to get on. Then James Parker with his fine knock-out record became champion and I remembered about that fight these two had, and I says to myself, 'Why, Tom Buckley, *you* know the only man that ever beat James Parker—let's do something about it'—and I did."



The lights glared down. The crowd voice roared its approval

Mary had tugged at Cumings' shirt to get attention.

"All Will needed was the chance," she said. "He's sold insurance to everyone since he became famous."

"I can imagine," said Cumings. He grinned. "Meant a lot to you, didn't it?"

And Mary had grinned back at him.

"Of course it did!"

"I suppose you think it would be pretty mean of me to—spoil it for you."

"Why—why, what do you mean?"

"To use the vernacular," said Cumings, "I'm going to tear out Mr. James Parker's tonsils." He laughed. "Then Willie here will be a has-been."

Mary and Will and Tom Buckley had looked at one another with such expressions of horror that the challenger had laughed again, so hard that tears mingled with his healthy sweat.

Cumings was a pretty strong man—inside as well as out. He hadn't elevated himself in the world by being a trained animal with gloves tied on his paws. He'd put his arm around Mary's slim shoulders and hugged her.

Will Jones hadn't quite liked that. He'd clenched his fist and, pretending he was joking, had chucked Cumings' chin with it and said, "Watch out how you go making up to Mary. Remember I *beat* the fellow you're only *trying to* beat."

Then he'd felt silly, for Cumings had dropped his arm quickly and had said, "I'm sorry, Will."

He was sorry, too, you could see that. Then he said, "Well, I've got to go for my rubdown." and then to Mary: "Any time I can do anything for you, let me know."

"*Any*thing?" Mary smiled.

"Anything except not flatten Mr. James Parker."

Cumings' eyes twinkled too, then. They weren't twinkling now. Will Jones could see them so clearly—the men in the ring were right over his seat. Cumings was advancing, one foot ahead of the other, step, step, step.

Parker was backing away, almost as though he was afraid. Cumings' left hand drew far back beside his body, and Will Jones, for the first-time, began to believe that Parker wasn't going to be champion very much longer. Then the bell rang.

In the interval, Will Jones began actively to wonder what was going to become of him if Parker were beaten.

He saw the irony of it—he's adopted another man's fame for his own; *ergo*, the other man's downfall should be his downfall.

The bell rang, Parker came out fighting.

He came out fighting wildly and walked into a clinch. The referee separated them. They faced each other, gloves up, elemental giants—except that Cumings had a brain and had taken the trouble to train it along with his body. As he began his step—step—step forward, the crowd sucked in its breath and waited.

Cumings' left hand drew back again, then it shot forward.

"Jimmie, look out for your face!"

BUT WILL JONES was too late. The left had moved—a brown flash in the light—and Parker reeled backward.

Step—step—step. Cumings' eyes, staring at the bloody face in front of him, Parker put up his hands. Cumings' heavy fist crashed upward and Parker reeled against the ropes again.

Will Jones was on his feet yelling:

"Jimmie, fight! Oh, you coward! Fight. I'll beat you to pulp if you don't."

Again and again, while Cumings' eyes never wavered, the left flashed until the face it was striking grew limp and pulpy, and in the fortieth second of the second round Will Jones ceased forever to be the only man who had licked the champion.

The lights glared down. The crowd oice roared its approval. There was a ot of blood. Then there were a lot of eople in the ring and a great deal of ushing and shoving and shouting. Will ones slumped in his seat.

He sat, slumped like that, for a long ime. The ring was empty and the seats round him were empty when he sighed nd pulled himself together. It was all ver now. He patted Mary's hand.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"Nonsense," said Mary. "It doesn't atter a scrap."

But Will knew she was lying. Then he ealised that Mary Palmer was looking t him and that there was a funny exression in her eyes—as though she were ooking at him but seeing something else.

"Mary." He took her hand and shook . "Will you understand if I say I'd ort of like to be alone for a little? I—want, sort of, to think things out."

"Of *course* I'll understand!" said lary.

"Then I'll drive along home and Tom an bring you with him, yes?"

ARY NODDED. She didn't seem as though she were thinking about what he was saying. "That's better anyay," she went on, "because I was going get Tom to take me to Cumings' ressing-room."

"You were *what*?"

"I was going to get Tom to take me see the champion for—for an nterview. After all, I'm a newspaperoman and Harry Cumings won't mind. e—he'll see me."

Will turned away without a word, huffed off toward the gate and his car nd Bingham and a private hell. Mary atched him until he was out of sight. hen she turned to Tom Buckley.

"I hated to do it like that," she said, ut it's better this way."

The hardest thing Will Jones ever did as to walk down the High Street to his ffice the next morning.

He wondered if people knew yet that en Mary had—had beaten him. They dn't. At nine Mary walked in the oor. She looked a little tired, but she ooked more beautiful than ever to Will nes. He got up and took her hand.

"Mary," he said, "I'm sorry—the way acted about you going to see Cumings. —I was jealous, but it doesn't matter ow. Nothing does."

"You'd be surprised," said Mary.

She unfolded the paper. On the front ge was a heading: NEW CHAMPION IVES CREDIT TO LOCAL BOY; and eneath it:

"Interviewed in his dressing-room last ght by Thomas Buckley of the *Bingam Chronicle*, Harry Cumings, new eavyweight champion, told how his ctor was made possible by the coachg of Will Jones, the only man who ever efeated former champion James Parker. e went on to say . . ."

Will Jones stopped reading this elightful story because he suddenly alised Mary was speaking to him.

". . . You remember what he said out any time he could do anything for e? Well, I just told him, 'Now's the me!'"

Will Jones could only look at her. But at was what Mary wanted. She ughed.

"Willie—I want you to promise me mething."

"Mary, I'll promise you anything on od's green earth—now I've got a chance ain. I'll get you everything you want I'll . . ."

"Sssh," said Mary. "I only want you promise me you'll retire from the ng."

"But I've never been in . . ."

"I know—you see, if you retire now 're safe. If you just won't mix with xers again ever, and if you won't tell mings how to win his next fight, it n't matter if he loses. Do you get e?"

"Thank God I do," said Will. "For a le while, I thought I'd lost you."

Because we have so many old-fashioned looms, the U.S.A. outstrips us in the world markets for cotton goods

These Sheffield steel workers are equal to any in the world, yet Australia has beaten us in the industry

Your Wages Could be Raised If—

It's a big "if." It means replanning industry. But it can and must be done

WHEN SOME FRIENDS of Lewis C. Ord urged him to write a book about industry, they knew that he had in his possession information which would disturb the dovecotes of the British industrial world. He knew the secrets of British industry and they were, in the strictest sense of the word, secrets.

"Industries in all countries try to keep certain information secret," he says. "There are things that they do not like the public and their competitors to know."

Ord was faced with a big decision. If he disclosed the material in his possession, he might prejudice his relations with the people who employed him. In any case, he would give away information which had needed a lifetime of work and worry to put together. For C. S. Ord is known throughout the world as one of the leading consultants on industry.

Work for All

In the end, he decided to write the book. Now *Secrets of Industry* has been published by George Allen and Unwin at 8s. 6d. It is one of the most important books to come out of the war.

The ideas advanced in this book can put Britain on the industrial map again after the war. They can increase the amount in your weekly pay packet and help to do away with unemployment.

There are some big difficulties to overcome first. Take cotton, for instance. Britain, with 34,000,000 spindles in the textile industry, produces 7,700,000,000 yards of cotton. America, with only 22,000,000 spindles, produces 10,000,000,000 yards.

The explanation is simple. America has over 600,000 *automatic* looms. Britain has only 14,000. We are thirty years behind in our methods.

Showing Us Up

It is not only by comparison with America that we show up badly. Australia, too, has us beaten in the steel industry. The price for structural steel in the United Kingdom in 1942 was £14 13s. per ton. In Australia in 1942 it was only £10 2s. 6d. per ton.

The Australian steel industry has made itself the most efficient in the world. Why do we lag behind?

Monopolies and price rings play a big part behind the scenes. The writer tells the story of protective systems which maintain prices at such a level that the least efficient member can still make a profit.

These systems are not interested in efficiency. They are only interested in making profits.

In many other fields before the present war, British manufacturing processes were not as efficient as those of other countries. They included motor-cars, lorries, typewriters, wireless sets, refrigerators and vacuum cleaners. The result was that the finished article cost far more than was necessary.

Some articles took two and three times as long to make here as in America. Yet the industries were still considered efficient. There was little attempt to train a man for high production as a man might be trained for medicine or the law.

In one British firm there were 130 clerks to every 100 operatives. In American works the proportion is only one to a hundred

Another vital factor was the proportion of non-productive or clerical staff to productive staff. In one firm in Britain there were no fewer than 130 non-productive persons employed to every 100 productive workers. In America, the Ford factory had only one person working "on paper" for every 100 employed.

"Slower" British Workers

The charges made in this book are not all against the directors and the managers. They also involve the workers.

The working pace of the average British workman is slower than that of his American counterpart. Tests on similar jobs have proved this.

There is an explanation. It might almost be called a justification. Britain has a high percentage of skilled workmen and a far greater number of men who take a pride in their work. Therefore they work more carefully.

The British workman is something the nation can be proud of, but he has always suspected that increased production meant increased profits for the men at the top. In America the ordinary workman believes that increased production means an increase in his own standard of living.

We Can Do It

One thing is certain among all these difficulties. They are man-made and can be cured. The new finance corporations for industry which Sir John Anderson has announced recently can help considerably, provided they give priority to efficiency instead of profit.

I differ on only one point from the author of *Secrets of Industry*. Ord implies that outright competition stimulates efficiency. It does. But there is a point where competition without overall planning courts disaster.

The United States pays nearly double the industrial wages customary in Britain, and the British Dominions 50 per cent. more. Some other countries out-distance our standard of living and our export trade diminishes.

Obviously, drastic measures are necessary. Given such measures, we can not only catch up with other countries, in many cases we can outstrip them.

VINCENT BROME.

Free Speech

ARE WE TOO FREE?

Hen-keeper's lament. Praise for the G.P.O. Should the hangman go? How to give them a practical welcome home

FREEDOM. THAT'S ALL we hear about these days in the Press, political speeches and everyday conversation. It is impossible to have a chat with an Englishman without it cropping up somewhere. Any attempt to interfere with his liberty, in any way, starts "sparks flying."

Absolute freedom in this world is an impossibility—and it's a very good thing, too. I often wonder if we do not enjoy too much freedom. It seems that a great number of individuals are able to do almost anything they like—provided they are sufficiently powerful physically, financially or influentially. Personally, I would be pleased to see more restrictions, not less. A greater check on the lives and actions of all members of the community, not only in war time, but at all times, would be welcome.—F. G. JENNINGS, 29, Kenilworth Avenue, S.W.19.

Hard on Poultry-keeper

ONE READS ABOUT a number of people being fined for feeding oatmeal to hens—this in spite of the fact that most of the grain is fit for nothing else. Surely a plentiful supply of eggs would be of more use than some of the foodstuffs made with oatmeal? Equally important, when a hen's laying days are over, it can be served for dinner to save the meat ration. — "CHANTICLEER," Huntly, Aberdeenshire.

Sanctuary

IT IS EXPECTED that the new House of Commons will be completed by 1949. Would it be too much to ask if the Government will have housed all the homeless by then? Perhaps, of course, it is intended to turn the House of Commons, now being used, into a communal shelter for our "returning heroes."—Mrs. C. F. RIVERS, Sanctuary, Lympstone, Devon.

The "Peaceful" W.R.N.S.

SOME AUTHORITIES HAVE funny ways of expressing themselves. In the *Yorkshire Post* the minutes of Harrogate Electricity Committee read: "The Borough Electrical Engineer reported that two junior female clerks had left, one to join the W.R.N.S.—*and the other for war work.*" What *do* the Wrens do? —L. R., Devonshire.

Shoe Shop Mystery

RECENTLY I MADE frequent calls at a local shoe shop for children's Wellington boots. I asked them to book the order and offered coupons and money for them, but was told that no orders could be booked.

Eventually, when the Wellingtons arrived, I was told that they were only being sold to people to whom cards had been issued. I then tried to book an order again when told that further supplies were expected. This was again refused. They would not disclose the basis upon which the above-mentioned cards had been issued.—Mrs. M. R. BUTT, 120, Harestone Valley, Caterham, Surrey.

Cheers for the G.P.O.

AN EFFICIENT POSTAL SERVICE between Servicemen and their families is invaluable. My son and I have reason to be grateful. Perhaps we've been lucky, but with a regular letter weekly and an occasional parcel, not one of our communications has gone astray. He has served at Dunkirk, North Africa, Italy and Greece. Even the postman delivers my overseas mail with: "Here's your bit of sunshine." Thanks a lot, G.P.O. —Mrs. D. M. HITCHOCK, Locke Cottage, Halstock, Nr. Yeovil, Somerset.

Drab Northern Women

ON MY FIRST TRIP (North to the Barnsley area) since the beginning of the war, I was struck by the drabness of the Yorkshire people. With a daub of lipstick and some powder, the young girls of dancing age do make some effort, but the women from the late twenties onwards seem to have given up the fight and become reconciled to shabby dullness in looks and dress. It was good to get back to London where, despite all the war time restrictions, the womenfolk still contrive to look smart.—Mrs. ELSIE HARRISON, Eastcote, Middlesex.

Dirty Vegetables

WHAT A GOOD EXAMPLE the North Country greengrocers set us in the South. I was in Doncaster last week and noticed that practically all the vegetables in the market were scrubbed or scraped clean. I wonder what the Yorkshire housewives would think if they had to buy carrots and turnips with a pound or two of soil sticking to them as we have to do in London.—Miss J. L. M., Ladbroke Grove, W.11.

Is Hanging "Barbarous"?

AS I WRITE, four people, two of them women, are awaiting execution. It is about time we discarded our barbarous method of capital punishment in favour of a firing squad or a lethal chamber. I am not so much concerned with the condemned person as with the terrific strain imposed on those who have to carry out the sentence.—Mrs. P. VALENTINE, 24, Hibbert Lane, Marple, Cheshire.

Continue Evacuation?

I SUGGEST THAT SOME form of evacuation scheme for children should be continued after the war. It breaks my heart to see children in big towns playing in the dirt and danger of the streets when they might be roaming in fields and woods, swimming in streams, and breathing pure, country air.

We may replace slum houses with model dwellings and provide playgrounds —but the result is not the same. A healthy child needs space and freedom, and a year in the country would work wonders with thousands of future citizens.—Mrs. L. R., King's Road, S.W.3.

"No wonder it wasn't sweet!"

"It breaks my heart," says a reader, "to see children in big towns playing in the dirt and danger of the streets when they might be roaming in fields and woods . . ."

Beating the Black Market

FOLLOWING YOUR ARTICLES on the Black Market, here is an idea which might help to check it. I imagine that many men in the Black Market are running private cars either for their personal use or for their "business" purposes.

There should be a firm tightening up of the issue of petrol permits, especially those issued to any person who is even slightly under suspicion of engaging in illegal activities. There should also be frequent challenging of private cars on the road, followed by a thorough investigation into the use to which a car is being put. — E. H. S., Moseley, Birmingham.

I AM A PROBATIONER NURSE, and I don't know anything at all about Black Markets or thieves, but couldn't clothing coupons be numbered in the same way as Treasury notes and cheques? It would only be the work of a moment to record the lowest number when a book was issued, and thereafter any coupons found being illegally used could be traced back to their source.

Our vouchers for extra stockings in hospital work are all numbered, and we have to sign to say we have received those numbers.—PROBATIONER, Cheshire.

[A plan on the lines of this reader's suggestion is still being considered by the Board of Trade. About 3,000,000,000 clothing coupons are issued yearly, and numbering them would be extremely costly.—EDITOR.]

"Welcome Home" Funds

I THINK IT ONLY FAIR to myself to point out that JOHN BULL'S recent "Open Letter" to me about "Welcome Home Funds" to provide money gifts to returning soldiers, was based on an incorrect report and imputes to me views which I do not hold.

"Welcome Home Funds" are being raised in many towns and villages, and I, as well as many others, are concerned at the haphazard manner in which these may be distributed unless some general, nation-wide scheme can be formulated.

I suggest that only a small "token gift" in cash should be given to each returning man and woman. A soldier from a village with a large number of men in the Forces may find that, when the Fund is divided, he only gets a pound or two, whereas his pal from the next village, which has only sent two or three men, receives ten times that amount. A "token gift," equal for all, would avoid this, and the surplus money could be put in trust for any who might need special assistance later.

There are other difficulties which need smoothing out. Men will all return at different dates—some not for years. A soldier may have moved from a district after the Fund was started—or new families with soldier sons may have arrived. Some village schemes include Merchant Navy men, others do not. Officers, apparently, are not mentioned at all! A scheme to co-ordinate all these gift funds is necessary to avoid future discord and unfairness.—A. F. THEODORA, BRISTOL (*Marchioness of Bristol*), Ickworth, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

"With My Feet Up"

SPEECHES AND PAMPHLETS, books galore,
Leaders, articles by the score,
Have shaken those of wealth and birth,
Yet still they strut this piece of earth.
But can the pompous, blimpish fool
Keep standing up to ridicule?
I don't believe it. Give him socks!
Hunted turned hunter—wily Fox.
—L. M. R., Bishopsgate, E.C.2.

Little of What You Fancy

TWO ANSWERS TO YOUR discussion about the effects of drink: I know a fit old man, aged eighty-three, who has never tasted alcohol in his life. Near him, equally fit, is an eighty-five-year-old, who declares that he has been drunk hundreds of times and is still fond of his pint to-day. Follow your own inclinations is the best rule.—H. TURVEY, 96, St. Helier's Road, Blackpool, Lancs.

Lucky to be Here!

WHEN I READ all the thousands of words written about baby care, vitamins, calories, diets, psychology and what not, I wonder that my parents ever grew up at all.—"SEVENTEEN," St. George's Square, S.W.1.

THIS PAGE is reserved for your opinions, and one guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published each week. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

You Common People!

A SENSATION WAS CAUSED recently when the Member of Parliament for Wormwood made inquiries as to what has been done for the common people in liberated countries. He obtained a reply from Sir Berkeley Bluster, Minister of Obstruction and Dehabilitation.

"My Honourable Friend," said the Minister, "appears to know more about the subject than I do myself. (*Laughter.*) Up to the present, I have no information that anything has been done for the common people. However, I will have an investigation made.

"I cannot promise him, however, that the answer will be satisfactory. We are so occupied with objections to the plans for the common people of Britain that it is unlikely that we shall have any time to spare for the common people of other countries for many years.

"I do know, however, that our unremitting efforts in suppressing the Black Market in liberated countries have met with a small measure of success, and that some people are now unable to buy any food at all unless it suits us to let them have it."

THE MEMBER FOR WORMWOOD reminded the Minister that the common people of other countries had fought the Germans during the years of occupation, and went on to ask what course we were pursuing in dealing with those who had shown pro-Fascist tendencies.

The Minister of Obstruction replied: "We are treating them according to the well-tried principle of British justice—that they are innocent until they are proved guilty. As none of them has been tried by us, we therefore consider them innocent and able to take their places in the rebuilding of their countries.

"Unfortunately, on the other side, so-called 'resisters' have proved themselves irresponsible and have gone round shooting and committing atrocities on those whom, for purely political reasons, they do not trust as we do.

"The Member for Wormwood has, I regret to say, rendered a grave disservice to our nation by writing letters to *The Times* trying to ascribe to these innocent men some of the dastardly acts committed by unruly elements who, after years of flouting law and order, will not now do as they are told.

"But our attitude is clear. It may be summed up by a slight alteration to the lines of the immortal Tennyson: 'Cannons to the Right of us; Atrocities to the Left of us.'"

At this point, someone at the back woke up with a start and said, "Shoot 'em all! Oh, sorry—I thought you were talking about Greece."

No Fire Without Smoke

DURING THE National Smoke Abatement Society's Conference, I expect a vote of thanks to be passed to the Ministry of Fuel for successfully organising the coal muddle so that people have not been able to have fires.

The dilution of what coal is obtainable with lumps of stone is likely to cause a hot (but smokeless) controversy. One side says that dilution is good because stone does not give off smoke. Others maintain that, because stone explodes and throws burning fragments all over the room, the houses set on fire cause more smoke than real coal.

A toast will no doubt be drunk to the Electrical Development Association, coupled with the cigarette shortage.

The Red Soldier's Greatest Day

On Friday, February 23, Britain as well as Russia celebrates Red Army Day. As a tribute to our great Ally, we print this vivid picture of the Russian soldier, his personality, his life, his background, by WILLI FRISCHAUER

TO THE GERMANS, harrassed and panicky as Marshal Stalin's armies advance across the Reich, the Soviet soldier has been described as a beast, a murderer, a looter. To them he is simply "Ivan, the Terrible."

Ivan may have a determined, ominous look in his eye just now and hatred in his heart. His battle-grimed face may look strange to Westerners. But Ivan is not at all terrible. He is neither evil nor heartless.

He is, I admit, difficult to analyse. No single Russian soldier to whom I might introduce you would be wholly representative of the Soviet army of Caucasians and Georgians, Central Asiatics and Siberians, Karelians and Ukrainians, Christians, Moslems, Freethinkers—to mention only a few varieties.

Machine-minded Peasants

But the backbone of the Soviet Army, which is celebrating the twenty-seventh anniversary of its formation, is the peasant. These soldiers were still peasants when Britain went to war in 1939.

How has this varied collection of peasants been transformed into such a closely-knit army?

Take Gregory Shapinski, a Ukrainian, about whom a Soviet officer was recently telling me.

There is nothing mysterious about the aptitude and skill which have enabled Gregory to become a technical expert under whose touch a huge "Voroshilov" tank performs miracles of manœuvre during a battle.

For Gregory, that tank replaced the big tractor that he had worked on his collective farm in peace time. In twenty years of industrial and agricultural development the Russian peasant has become as machine-minded as the engineer of Detroit and Birmingham or Dusseldorf.

Past Makes the Present

His broad face with high cheek-bones, his narrow eyes, his slow gestures, still make him appear a little bear-like, or simple if you like.

But he is not simple when it comes to working tanks, guns, armoured vehicles, and intricate small arms.

Years ago, in a little-known but fascinating industrial crusade, hundreds of thousands of Russian workers and peasants were moved east behind the Urals, towards Siberia, round Vladivostok, to strange and empty expanses. Under expert guidance they produced villages and towns, factories and power-stations in the steppes. They slaved and improvised, withstood the ravages of the weather, organised hundreds of miles of supply system, and created civilisation out of nothing like the pioneers of olden times.

Remember this modern saga if you want to understand the achievements of these men and their sons and daughters in covering the desert between Stalingrad and Warsaw which two waves of war and destruction have battered to nothing. Only these same men could have done it with such resolution and speed.

Only the adventuring, pioneering spirit, the faculty of improvisation acquired in those early Soviet days, made it possible.

Generals and officers have been encouraged to allow the men to solve their war problems individually without overloading them with strict rules and regulations.

Discipline of Comrades

How does this fit in with morale and discipline? I recall an incident during the Battle of Tannenberg in the last war when a German officer, single-handed, captured a thousand bewildered Russian soldiers. Those cowed and dumb peasants of 1915 had been brought up to serve their Czarist overlords as virtual slaves. Dumbly they submitted to every officer—even if he were an enemy.

The Soviet soldier of to-day has grown up during a generation of freedom from slavery. No swashbuckling Prussian can cow and frighten him now. He does not fear his own superiors. He respects them.

To day there is Western military discipline in the Soviet Army. A Soviet soldier respects the "pogony" (epaulettes) with which his officers have been equipped as a visible reminder of their rank. They are more likely to be addressed as "Gospodin (Mr.) Lieutenent" than with the old "Tovarish" (Comrade).

The Soviet Army has profited by the natural development of self-discipline such as community life in farms, villages and factories produces. It is the discipline of comradeship, of inter-dependence. It is ideal discipline in battle.

Many a wild, infuriated Soviet trooper, hiding in a ditch, has felt like jumping at the throats of a German patrol whom he can hear laughing and swaggering. But he has been taught to restrain himself, for impetuous outbursts of that sort can endanger complicated operations and cause death for his comrades.

More often than not the commissar is also identical with the "balagour," the "wit" of the company, the "clever fellow" who can quickly write a "chastushky"—a snappy verse which makes fun of the enemy, deals with the current activities of the soldiers, and sums up their moods and feelings.

Few Comforts

Few foreigners have seen the scene—but those who have will tell you that there is no happier occasion than when grim-looking Soviet troopers crowd around the balagour—or commissar, if you will—to sing his songs and smile and laugh at his topical rhymes.

Few physical comforts are officially provided for these Russian soldiers. They have no Naafi. They eat their dark bread, drink their strong tea—or a glass of vodka when it is cold—and go on fighting on the most frugal diet. Yet they are too proud to loot because they know that their leaders will provide for them from enemy stores legitimately captured.

Soviet military language has been cleverly humanised. It reflects the way in which the men speak at home and among themselves.

The men have also been taught to hate. Soldiers are told what happened to their towns and villages. They know all about German atrocities.

There was no local colour lacking when commissars instructed the men from Kharkov who were in the spearhead of the Soviet armies which liberated that town. They knew that their children had been butchered, their friends slain and abducted, their women tortured. They fought like lions.

They know that courage is rewarded—apart from its own reward of victory and liberation. They look up to the Cossacks, that fighting race which has been preserved to ride and fight as their fathers and forefathers did. They know that they can graduate to better pay, clothes and weapons if their unit is elevated to the rank of a guards division.

Patience and Endurance

All these carefully developed qualities in the Soviet soldier go with a natural patience and endurance and a physical strength that is characteristic of the race.

In an emergency, the Soviet soldier lives on roots and smokes dried potato peel. Even if his feet are sore and blistered he keeps on limping towards his objective.

When a foreigner looked in surprise at a ragged Soviet infantryman and asked how he could survive the cold, the man answered: "I am willing to go naked until I get my enemy's shirt."

Such sayings are many in the Soviet Army. That spirit is universal. The soldier pokes fun at Hitler and all Germans. He despises them.

He knows a hundred little sayings which sum up his philosophy. It is the philosophy propounded by Lenin twenty-seven years ago when he laid the foundations of a "Mighty National Army." That is what Russia has to-day.

Senior Sergeant Polienko of the Red Army has shot down sixteen enemy planes—the stars on his gun-barrel each represents a victory. The star on his tunic is the Order of the Patriotic War

Colliery Worker Found a Gold-mine!

ASK Mr. G. H. Parker where he found his gold-mine. Right in his home at 45, Church Road, Hartshill, Nuneaton, he will tell you. From it this colliery worker has just dug up £250 with his pen!

Making *Bullets* his hobby for years past, Mr. Parker has just won First Prize No. 1,461 for his telling effort: Good Name—Deserve, Whatever You're Called! "The next big prize can be yours" is his message to fellow-readers. So it can—if you use your coupon below.

CASH and CAKES for "JOHN BULL" READERS

£200 DOUBLED FIRST THIS WEEK

1,561 OTHER AWARDS

£20, £10, £5, £4, £3, 6 of £2

50 4 lb. FRUIT CAKES

1,500 NEW PRIZES

HOW TO WIN

Use these "Examples"

Simply add Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below. Thus you've made a "Bullet" that may make you the winner of this week's £200 doubled First.

BRITAIN'S TEAM
IN BERLIN
TOMMY OF TO-DAY
SEEDS OF DISSENSION
FREE FROM THE NAZIS
TO THEIR CREDIT
TRAMPLED IN THE DUST
GOLDEN DEED
SORRY THEY STARTED
CUTTING
LIKE A DREAM COME TRUE
DIDN'T THINK
TRIUMPHAL PROGRESS
OUR GOAT
WATCHING AND WAITING
SAFE PLACE
AT BREAKING POINT
ANYTHING MAY HAPPEN, SO
DAD'S LIGHTER
DOING THE DONKEY WORK

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

PROMISE OF .....
SOONER THAN.....
FAMILY.....
HALF THE .....
WHERE.....WENT WRONG
WON'T BE .....

ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,467, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ENTER ON COUPON BELOW —POST BY MON., MAR. 5.

1,463 Result – £100 and Radio

L. SOWOOD, TRAFFORD, CHURCH STRETTON, SALOP.

VOICE OF THE FUEHRER

FROM HIDE-OUT, "HOLD OUT!"

£20 & Radio:
Mrs. C. S. Lack, 391, Oakleigh Road, London, N.20.
Right And Might—Unequal Opponents—Unequalled Partners.

£10 & Radio:
F. A. Morris, 40, Bentham Drive, Liverpool.
Coming To Stay—Temporary Shacks—And "Shackles"?

10 of £5:
Mrs. G. K. Amy, c/o 9, Council Houses, Ponteland, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Price Of Darkening—Europe, Paid On Lamp-post?
N. Beatson, 28, Highfield Road, Netherton, Wakefield.
Upset Fido—And Mother, Postman Passed!
Mrs. M. G. Davey, 60, Kempshott Road, Horsham
At Germany's Back-door—"Exit"? Wants "Going Into"!
J. A. Gleghorn, 7, Moorland Crescent, Bedlington Stn.
Trade Rivalry—Starting—We "Must Fly."
F. Knighton, 33, Wellfield Rd., Preston.
Only A Substitute—Our First "Real" Home!
V. Lawford, 40, Cromwell St., Heywood.
Stopped The Leak—With Parachute—Bomber Returned.
Pte. A. Leigh, Somewhere-in-Britain.
Too Optimistic—Member, Counting "This Chicken."
J. A. Skirton, 1, Deansway, Chippenham.
He's A Trier, So—No "Pip" When Pipped
R. Waite, 13, Baythorne Rd., Liverpool.
Precious Lives—Lost—Lifeboat's Rations "Won."
D. Walters, Awelta, Mydrim, Carmarthen.
Stopped The Leak—In Dad's Finances, Water!

A list of 10 winners of £2 10s., 20 of £1, and 100 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted.

CHEQUES AND CAKES WON IN CROSSWORD 415
WINNING WORDS: 1. Washed. 2. Lead. 3. Truck or Trunk. 4. Lamps. 5. Rich. 6. Hope. 7. Bed. 8. Yell. 9. Main. 10. Man. 11. Boots. 12. Lace. 13. Deep. 14. Trim.
£10 SHARERS: Miss E. Soakey, 22, Salisbury Avenue, Broadstairs, Kent; Miss C. H. Tite, 17, Northampton Road, Croydon. 27 Runners-up Awards including Cakes.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed & Co., write names and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated March 24, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets."

2 FREE BULLETS

For 6d. extra you may add further four Bullets on plain paper, thus obtaining 2 FREE

IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value.....

No.....

"BULLETS" No. 1,467

Signed:.....

Address.....

.....

For MAR. 17 "BULLETIN," ENCLOSE 1d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

write to JOHN BULL about it

"BLACKMAIL" OF AN EX-PRISONER

Can failings be inherited? Rules for social occasions. Continuing his education at age of twenty-four. Difficulties of obtaining sports equipment for a junior youth club

"I WAS PERFECTLY HAPPY AS store manager in a big engineering firm until a month ago. Then an old acquaintance of mine came to work here. He knew about a prison sentence which I served some time ago.

"Without actually bringing that up, but with looks that speak volumes, he borrows money from me and comes into the store and takes valuable tools which are difficult to obtain. When I remonstrate he gives me a look which speaks volumes. After all my hard work to make good and to get where I am now, this man seems likely to ruin me.

"I shall lose my job when stocktaking comes along. I am tempted to hand in my resignation before the pilfering goes too far."

If you resign you will probably be suspected of the thefts when they are discovered. You are in an uncomfortable position, but I don't think you should run away. This man is not technically a blackmailer since he has issued no threats, but he ought not to get away with it.

Seek a confidential talk with one of the heads of the firm and put the facts before him. If he handles the situation well he should be able to catch the culprit red-handed. You are going straight now, and should be ready to fight to defend your character.

"I AM VERY puzzled about the etiquette of personal introductions. For instance, is it correct to say, 'Mr. Jones, this is my mother?' Are there any rules?"

Personal introductions are much less formal than they used to be. Among friends they are often extremely casual. The chief thing to remember is that the less important person is presented to the more important.

A man is presented to a woman, a single girl to a married woman, a younger man to an older, and so forth. In the example you give it would be better to say, "Mother, this is Mr. Jones." The best advice is: Keep the general rules in mind, but don't be too ceremonious.

"MY MATERNAL grandfather was fifty-five years older than his wife when he married. My father was twenty-two years older than my mother. If disparity of age between parents is a bad element, I seem to have had a double dose of it. I am wondering if this explains the melancholy, frustrated sort of life I have always led."

I don't think you can blame heredity for the sense of frustration. It is far more likely to be a legacy of experience in early childhood.

The complicated influences of heredity are better understood today than they were, and general opinion is that in former times undue stress was placed upon them. Some people put the blame on "hereditary influences" to excuse their failings, whereas they should be pulling up their socks and setting out to correct their shortcomings.

"I MATRICULATED nine years ago when I was fifteen. I now have a full-time job, but am studying History, Economics and

English in my spare time. Naturally I want to use this knowledge. What examinations should I try for and, suppose I am successful, what job could I take?

It would take a great deal of space to detail all the fields open to you. I suggest that, as you have matriculated, you should go ahead and work for a degree—Bachelor of Arts or B.A. (Economics). With this qualification, you might do well in teaching. If this does not appeal to you as a full-time job, you would find openings for lecturing to evening-classes or with the Workers' Educational Association. Positions on the educational side in Local Government would also be worth considering.

"THREE YEARS ago, several of us started a junior club for children from eight to fourteen years of age. Despite difficulties we are still carrying on.

"Our biggest problem is to get equipment, such as boxing gloves, games, mats for tumbling, and so on. We are in a working-class district, and can only charge a few coppers for membership and the funds are soon swallowed up. Are there any organisations to help clubs, and are there any books on the subject?"

I advise you to get into touch with the Youth Committee for your area. The Ministry of Education makes grants to local committees for the buying of equipment. It might also help you to get in touch with the National Association of Boys' Clubs, 17, Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

There are many books on club work. Among the best-known authors are Dr. MacAlister Brew, Desirée Edwardes and Sid Hedges. Your local library may have books by some of these writers.

Tax and Living Costs

J. A., Hastings: Your tax problem is one which confronts many people at the present time. Income tax law, in effect, takes no account of personal or living expenses. All single persons get a personal allowance of £80. Some may have their own flats to maintain, whereas others live with their parents, but the tax liabilities are the same. Married women ordinarily receive the same £80 personal allowance as single persons, but in many cases, particularly where the husband is in the Forces, they are able to claim some of their husband's tax allowances as a deduction from their assessment in addition to the £80. The allowance which they receive from the Government is also exempt from tax.

W. G., Accrington: Boys between the ages of 14 and 16½ are accepted into the Y.M.C.A. Agricultural Scheme provided they are the sons of ex-Servicemen. Your son should write to Bernard Brown, Esq., Y.M.C.A. Community Services, 4, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1, giving full details about himself. The booklets outlining the scheme will then be forwarded to him together with an application form.

C. B., Trowbridge: You can change your panel doctor by presenting your Medical Card to the doctor whose panel you wish to join and asking to be placed on his panel. National Health Insurance Benefit can only be claimed if you are incapacitated for work, including housework. This benefit is not payable for the first four weeks following the date of confinement. You will be able to claim maternity benefit from your Approved Society in respect of your confinement and if your husband is insured for National Health Insurance, he can also claim benefit from his Approved Society.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

XWORD

FIRST PRIZE £50 — Other prizes value £25 and up to 100 Fruit Cakes. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. Escaping prisoner of war may possibly be pulled up suddenly by SN□RE. 2. You can tell a great deal about Winston Churchill from his—□OOKS. 3. There are some who get this from really hard work—K□K. 4. There's a alarm when one goes rapidly downhill—T□AM. 5. In peace it's not easy for one with bad character to find work—LA□. 6. Walking along shore one expects to come upon strange ones—S□ELLS. 7. Wit may perhaps take this form—TE□SE. 8. Often gives impression of being sloppy—F□N. 9. This of Gestapo must be familiar to great many Germans—□READ. 10. Many are as hard as nails—RO□KS. 11. Commonly helps to make one see one's mistakes—□RONY. 12. Can let in daylight—WO□D. 13. There are people to whom this means a loaf—□OB. 14. Purpose of this may be to deceive—B□BBLE.

Entry fee—one 3d. stamp per set of Answers. For Gazette dated March 17 enclose 1d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Last day to post—Monday, March 5.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 419, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Result of Crossword 415 is given below "Bullets" Result in column 2.

Why Mary has no shoe problem

Mary owns a pair of shoes
Which are her joy and pride;
Mary loves to walk about
When other people ride.
Yet Mary's shoes wear very well,
How comfortable they feel,
For each of them is fitted with
A Goodyear Sole and Heel!

* * *

So remember to ask your repairer to fit Goodyear!.

GOODYEAR
SOLES AND HEELS
For Men, Women and Children
(including Lightweight "invisible" stickon soles for women)

Your Dog's Health!

Don't neglect the health of your dog. A regular dose of George Bell's Blood Salts is the up-to-date way of keeping him fit. George Bell's Blood Salts provide the extra Vitamin B_1 which dogs need in wartime. They act as a blood tonic and prevent eczema, skin eruptions, scratching and itching, loss of appetite, sluggishness, constipation, etc. In packets of 12 for 9d., from Chemists and Pet Shops everywhere.

Buy a packet to-day while it's on your mind.

★ If unable to obtain, send P.O. for 2/6 direct to Bell & Sons, Ltd., Veterinary Chemists, Liverpool, 12, for LARGE post-free packet of FIFTY Powders.

GEORGE BELLS BLOOD SALTS for Dogs
★VITAMIN B_1 ADDED

The Norman Autocycle, Britain's reliable 150 m.p.g. runabout, is obtainable under permit by those whose daily journey is difficult. Ask your local agent, or write to address below.

NORMAN
CYCLES · AUTOCYCLES · MOTORCYCLES
NORMAN CYCLES LTD., ASHFORD, KENT

Mabel took the good advice. She got some Dettol Ointment, and what a blessed relief for Bobby. In a few days the nasty skin trouble which had worried her for weeks was almost completely healed. The pain and irritation was gone and the skin that had been so sore and erupted was now clean and healthy and free from infection.

That is how Dettol Ointment works. It soothes the pain and relieves the inflammation of septic sores, and then sinks into the unhealthy skin tissue to destroy the germs which cause or aggravate the trouble.

Dettol Ointment contains in active form the germicidal principle of the famous Dettol Antiseptic.

DETTOL BRAND OINTMENT
From all Chemists, price 1/5, large size 3/4½, including tax.

Do your teeth complete your charm?

the answer's on the tip of your tongue

Use Pepsodent. Then feel with your tongue how its super-cleansing Irium has flushed stain-collecting film away.

1/3 & 2/2. Also made in powder form.

RHEUMATISM

Victim asks:

"Why am I singled out to suffer?"

"It may be the weather, it may be my diet, it may be my work that gives me Rheumatism. But what I want to know is why am I singled out to suffer — when thousands more, doing as I do, keep perfectly well?"

Answer: Maybe the cause of your Rheumatism is something quite different. Most authorities are now agreed that a great deal of Rheumatism is caused by poisons originating in a lazy overloaded bowel, or in bad teeth or in septic tonsils.

"That puts a different complexion on it! How can I find out if these poisons *are* causing my Rheumatism?"

Answer: Apart from having your teeth and tonsils examined, you ought to keep your bowels gently open, and you ought to help your kidneys filter away any poisons which may be in your blood.

"Someone told me about Fynnon Salt. Would Fynnon help me?"

Answer: Fynnon Salt will gently open your bowels and rid you of any stagnating material in which poisons are apt to originate. And, owing to the fact that a dose of Fynnon Salt DIVIDES INTO TWO PARTS after passing through your stomach, one part to help your kidneys draw away poisons from your bloodstream, and one part to relieve your bowels, Fynnon may bring you very great relief from Rheumatism. Thousands of cases of rheumatic trouble have been relieved by Fynnon Salt.

Large Size Fynnon Salt 1/6
(Including Purchase Tax)

Fynnon Ltd., Brentford, Middlesex (531)

Ease for

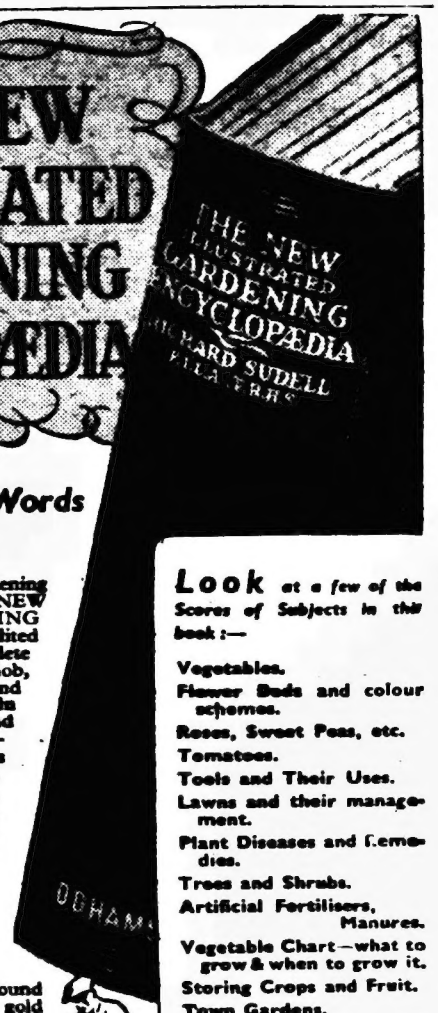
Aching LIMBS

When your muscles are bound with aches and pains or your nerves are suffering the agony of neuritis or sciatica remember the great power of Phensic to bring ALMOST INSTANT EASE. Phensic has a remarkable tonic effect, too. It not only soothes the nerves and frees muscular tissues of the poisons of pain—it releases fresh energy, creates a capacity for work. Try Phensic NOW! Two sizes: 1/4 & 3/3 including Purchase Tax.

TWO TABLETS NORMAL DOSE

Phensic
The grand tonic pain-relieving tablet!

The NEW ILLUSTRATED GARDENING ENCYCLOPÆDIA



768 Pages! 400,000 Words
425 Diagrams

Here is the most up-to-date gardening book yet published, "The NEW ILLUSTRATED GARDENING ENCYCLOPÆDIA," edited by Richard Sudell. A complete A—Z guide on every gardening job, every flower, shrub, tree, fruit and vegetable. **This book tells in 768 pages, 400,000 words and 425 detailed how-to-do-it diagrams** how to make a success of flower garden or allotment.

It shows you how to plan a garden and what to grow in it, and guides you month by month in the jobs to do and how to do them. War time restrictions mean limited supplies of this book. **Complete the Order Label below and post with remittance, NOW.**

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DO THIS NOW. Fill in Order Label. Indicate Edition required and post with Postal-Order for correct amount to **Odhams Press Ltd., "New Illustrated Gardening Encyclopædia," Book Dept. J.E.1, Kings Langley, Herts.** All applications must be received by not later than March 7. Make P.O. payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./. This offer applies only in Gt. Britain, N. Ireland and Eire. If from N. Ireland or Eire, Country MUST be stated on label.

***Look** at a few of the Scores of Subjects in this book:—*

- Vegetables.
- Flower Beds and colour schemes.
- Roses, Sweet Peas, etc.
- Tomatoes.
- Tools and Their Uses.
- Lawns and their management.
- Plant Diseases and Remedies.
- Trees and Shrubs.
- Artificial Fertilisers, Manures.
- Vegetable Chart—what to grow & when to grow it.
- Storing Crops and Fruit.
- Town Gardens.
- Fruit Tree Grafting and Cultivation.
- Insect Pests and Remedies.
- Herbs, Salads.
- Allotments.
- Pathways and Cementing.
- Alpine Plants and Dwarf Trees.
- Bird Friends and Enemies.
- Balcony Gardens.
- Garden Plans.
- Propagating Plants.
- Month by Month Gardening Diary.
- Etc., etc.

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WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

TOWN ..... COUNTY .....

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Strike out edition not required.

G. E. | J.E.1. | 24/2/45.

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NASAL CATARRH

You will get quick relief from Catarrh by using Nostroline Nasal Remedy. It combats inflammation and infection in the nose. Clears the discharge and promotes easy breathing. It is soothing, pleasant and comforting. Use "Nostroline" to-night. Wake in the morning relieved beyond belief. Nostroline acts in 30 seconds. Beneficial for Head Noises and Catarrhal Deafness. Safe for old and young. Insist on Nostroline. Chemists everywhere. Tubes 1/5d. including tax.

NOSTROLINE

STOP THAT COUGH WITH VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Sold Everywhere 1/4 per bottle (Inc. Pur. Tax)

Pay your debt to him

He's part of Britain's biggest fighting force — the Army. He's doing a wonderful job of work, he's giving everything to win peace for you and yours. You can help to relieve the hardships that his war service has caused to him and his dependants.

Support the Army Benevolent Fund. You can hand your donation over the counter at any Bank in the British Isles. Put your hand deep into your pocket and give wholeheartedly.

★ *The Army Benevolent Fund, by grants to Military Charities, helps them to give relief wherever needed to men and women of all sections of the Army and their dependants.*

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)

ARMY BENEVOLENT FUND

PATRON H.M. THE KING

20, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1

Bang! GO THOUSANDS OF WORKING HOURS

If you think of every unguarded cough or sneeze as an explosion that scatters many thousands of germs and may result in people being "away sick" from important work, you'll see that careless coughs and sneezes can help the enemy considerably. Let's have fewer than ever this winter!

What do I do...?

I do all I can to keep up my resistance by eating a well-balanced diet, including fuel foods such as potatoes and oatmeal, and by getting my full ration of fats. I get as much fresh air as possible every day and a full quota of sleep.

If I catch cold, I use my handkerchief whenever I cough or sneeze, and so keep my germs to myself. If there is shivering and headache, I go to bed at once and call a doctor.

I remember that the nation's health is the nation's first weapon.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

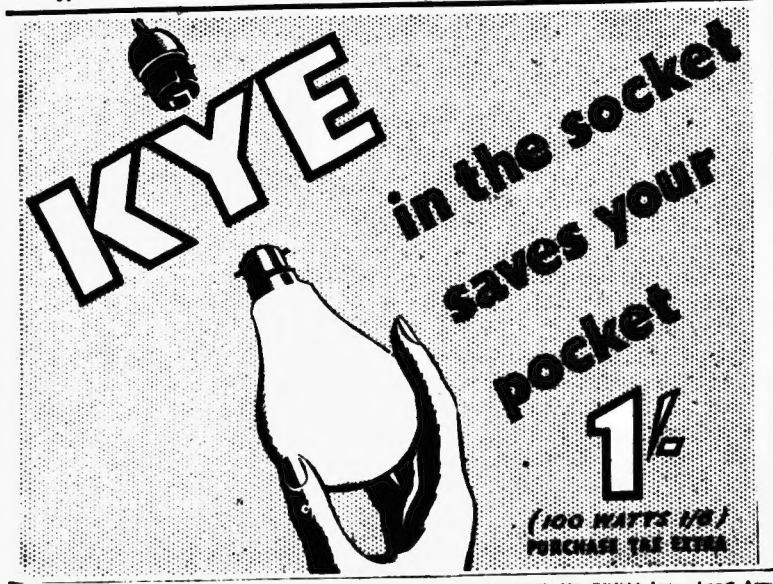
GUARD YOUR TEETH...

...Night & Morning

The only way to keep your teeth safe from acid is by regular cleansing. However rushed you may be, you really cannot afford ever to neglect them. So every night and every morning clean your teeth thoroughly with Phillips' Dental Magnesia. This is the one toothpaste which contains 'Milk of Magnesia,'* recommended by dentists to combat acid in the mouth.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia (Regd.)

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia*



CHRISTOPHER STONE says

How right we were —to choose

BUSH RADIO

BUSH RADIO LTD., POWER RD., CHISWICK W.4 *royds 452*

"We're pressing them hard out here— so press on with those War Savings on the Home Front."

LET'S SAVE AS HARD AS THEY FIGHT

Issued by the National Savings Committee

BOTTLED VINEGAR is best!

and this is the BEST BOTTLED VINEGAR

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